

TIMES out of **TUNE**;

Plaid upon **HOWEVER**

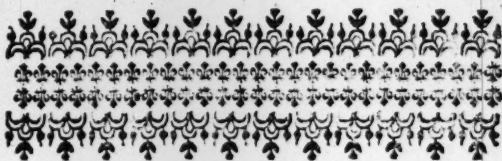
In **XX. SATIRES.**

By **THOMAS BANCROFT.**

JUVEN.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira,
voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.*

LONDON,
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1658.



T O

*The nobly minded Gentleman,
and intimate friend of the
Muses* CHARLES COTTON
of Berisford, Esquire.

Worthy Sir,

THough he that writes as the Porcupine shoots his quills in a passionate mood as I do, cares not much for the frowns of the muddy-pated multitude: yet the number of Censors in our Common-wealth being greater than that of all Officers, my Muse would gladly repose under your shadowing Lawrel, that a flash of fierce displeasure may less
A 2 dismay.

dismay her. Yet why should any Reader bend an angry brow at me, that have not spotted one page here (though it may otherwise seem) with any ebullitions of a private spleen? For though I have not seldome been surcharged with injuries, yet have I learned to digest them with my daily bread, and to think it more noble to contemn them, then to confesse their power by meditating a revenge. Nor can I approve that bold speech of the sententious Poet, as carrying too venomous a sting in it:

Ἐν μοι ἔπειτα πόσοι μέγας ὄρανος εὐρύς ὕπερθε
 χάλκεα, αἰθρώπων δαίμα παλαιγενέων,
 Εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ τοῖσιν μὲν ἐπαρκέσω, οἱ με φιλεῦσι,
 τοῖς δ' ἐχθροῖς ἀνὴν καὶ μέγα πῆμ' ἔσομαι.

*Great Heaven fall on me with broad roof of
 brasse,*

*Which to the Ancients a (just) terrour was,
 If I help not my friends, and bring not those
 To sorrow and distresse that are my foes.*

It must needs be granted that Satyres
 are

are now very seasonable, when all sorts of vices (the foul dregs of war) are settled into an unwonted impudency, and not onely some antiquated evils revived, but others also added to their hateful number, that came but lately steaming out of th' infernal Vaporary. I can hardly in times so foully vitiated expect any fair construction of my Poem : nay , rather do I look that some squint ey'd Malevolos, whom I never came within a Bow-length of, will be busily shooting their bolts at me. But I shall lightlier regard such squib-like artillery, if more solid and less censorious men, such as your self (Sir) are known to be, will but illustrate my lines with the beams of their favour. You are an heir to great Wits as well as to large Revenues, and have made proof thereof in so eminent a manner, that all men behold you as an object of admiration. As others therefore look up at you, be you pleased to look down at me, and to take in good part these tart fruits of my labours, intended for condiments to your sweeter studies.

dies. You are furnisht (I hope) with as many vertues as here are vices; and I wish you as much happines to crown them, as possibly can be fancied by

Your officious servant

Tho. Bancroft.

To



To my learned friend Mr. Tho.
Bancroft ; on his Book
of SATYRES.

After your many works of diſverſe kinds,
Your Muſe to tread th' Auruncan path
designs.

'Tis hard to write but Satyres in theſe dayes,
And yet to write good Satyres merits praiſe ;
And ſuch are yours, and ſuch they will be
found

By all clear hearts , or patient with their
wound :

May you but underſtanding Readers meet,
They'l find you marching upon ſtedfaſt feet :
Although your honeſt hand ſeems not to ſtick
To ſearch this Nations ulcers to the quick ;
Yet your intent (with your inveſtive ſtrain)
Is but to launce, and then to cure again,
When all the putrid matter is drawn forth,
That poisons precious ſouls, and clouds their
worth.

So old Petronius Arbiter apply'd
Corr'sives unto the age he did deride :
So Horace, Persius, Juvenal (among
Those ancient Romans) scourg'd the impious
throng :

So Ariosto (in our fathers times)
Reprov'd his Italy for sundry crimes :
So learned Barclay let his lashes fall
Heavy on some, to bring a cure to all :
So lately Wither (whom thy Muse does far
Transcend) did strike at things irregular :
But (all in one t' include) so our prime wit,
(In the too few short Satyres he hath writ)
Renowned Donne, hath sorebuk'd his times,
That he hath scar'd Vice-lovers from their
crimes.

Attended by your Satyres, mounted on
Your Muses Pegasus, my friend, be gone,
As erst the Lictors of the Romans went
With Rods and Axes (for the punishment
Of ills born with them) that all vice may fly.
(That dares not stand the cure) when you
draw nigh.

ASTON COKAIN, Baronet.



To his *quondam* Master, and now
much honour'd friend, Mr. THO.

BANCROFT, on his Book of
S A T Y R E S.

Although the times be out of tune, we see
They're likely to be tun'd again by thee,
Who on the strings of Discord strikes a strain
So powerful, Discord sure no more can reign.
And I commend thy Genius, who could'st chuse
A noble Patron to protect thy Muse :
For he who 'gainst the rapid stream doth swim
Of vice, had need t' be held up by the chin.
Yet, I presume, thy Satyres may do more
Then twenty such as terribly can roar,
And thunder Hell ; yet when the crack is gone,
No more can find their Text then we the stone.
But he who can the depth of thy Book sound,
Shall there see Vice with its own Deluge drown'd ;
So that from Contraries conclude I may
Thy Vertue's much, that chid'st all Vice away.

THO. LIGHTWOOD.

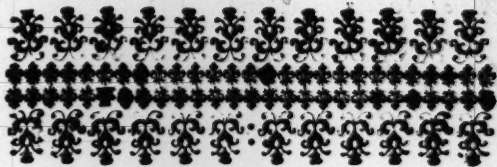


To his ingenious Friend,
Mr. Tho. Bancroft ; on his Book
of SATYRES.

I Praise thy aims, though to an ulcerous state,
So rankly gangree n'd Corr'sives come too late.
Can ink-bued Sylvanes from thy Bradley wood
To cheeks with guilt so hatcht, call modest blood?
Admit their uncouth garb procure some shrugs,
The brawny Giants soon will sleight those Fuggs,
(Smart Beadles though,) who are improv'd to th'
By Simois terrors and Mount Ebals curse. (worse
Take th' warlike verse, whose maiden feet were
dy'de

With blond in quarrel of their Masters Bride:
Pluck quill from th' iron-wing'd Stymphalides,
Bold to vie shafts with mighty Hercules:
Make parchment of those living Engines skins,
That Darts, Bowes, Quivers are, the Porcupines:
Write Furies 'stead of Satyres, for a Muse
Invoke Megara, Scorpion-Scourges use:
Some Almanack aspect, Diurnat plot,
May turn our giddy Sants' Quakers, not
Thy sharpest style. Yet touch them to the quick,
The world's a Bedlam, la's the Lunatick.

WILLIAM BOTT.



To the worthy Authour of these
S A T Y R E S.

BOld and brave Bancroft, that dar'st fearless
tell
The Devil his name, though at the mouth of Hell.
I crowd into thy Squadrons, bold to greet
Those hands that are supporters to thy feet.
But 'tis by these thou conquer'st, for 'tis fit
This Brutish age were kickt, not whipt, to wit.
No Spartan Mastiff, nor Nicxan Steed
Can equal thee in courage, or in speed,
When thy just ire forces the age to drink
The gall and vinegar of thy wholesome ink,
Whilst from the steam of tainted ulcerous breath
It belches characters of Hell and death,
Satyres and Causticks must their Medicines be
Whom Odes and Unctions cannot remedie.
Thy Surgery is proper for the Land,
Oh that thou hadst but Physick to thy hand!

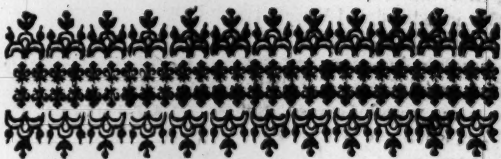
Bear

*Bear up, thou canst not but victorious stand,
Where the brave Moreland Prince does lead the
Van.*

*All's glorious in thy Fate, excepting this,
Others have done, and thou mayst speed, amiss.*

ANTHONY HARWOOD.

TIME'S



TIME'S out of. TUNE.

SATYRE I.

Against the deluge of Vice.

NOW ruffle up thy plumes my Haggard Muse ;
 Here's store of game, such as thou canst not chuse
 But make a flight at ; and I wish thou mayst
 Use thy bold wings with as auspicious haste,
 As did the sons of *Boreas*, when from *Thrace*
 They did the foul *Tartarean* Harpyes chase.
 The world's now poison'd with impiety
 Enough to burst it, and to make it fly
 Int' *Epicurus* atomes ; every where
 So torrent-like doth wickedness appear,
 As if the meer pretence that in this age
 Manners should be reform'd, did vice enrage,
 As in the vap'rous air enclouded heat
 Then bustles most, when churlish cold doth threat.
 Hath War so shook the world, that at some chink
 The Fiends have made escape ; or is some link

I'th' chain of order broke, that all do fly
 Out into lewd and lawless liberty?
 Or does the Devil keep his Revel here,
 That men do nought but brawl, drink, whore and swear,
 Rob, and defraud, as if they up would rise
 In arms 'gainst Heaven, and plainly gigantize?
 Vice, when our Wars began, was in the blade,
 But too soon ripen'd; and doth now invade
 All tribes of men. The very rural Bore,
 (As harmless as his Lambkins heretofore)
 Will at the least disgust now seem to whet
 His angry tusks for malice, foam and ferret,
 Betray his friend, and cause his brother to bleed,
 As he were sprung of *Cadmus* snaky seed.
 Cities are pester'd (like *Bethesda's* pool)
 With sundry maladies; both Knave and Fool
 (Quartermen their Arms) are there in chief request:
 And he that would survey a lazy nest
 Of soft Voluptuaries, Novellists,
 Proud Fashion-mongers, Cheaters, Mammonists,
 Let him (first having blest his eyes) repair
 Thither; and venture on their tainted air.
 Rather than of our Academies speak,
 Into a flood of tears my grief should break,
 Could I therewith the Muses springs supply,
 That are through heat of discord almost dry,
 And send few Nurslings forth, save such as sow
 The seeds of Schisme, that fatally do grow
 In every corner of our bleeding land,
 So heart-sick, that she scarce doth understand
 Her own distempers. As for those that were
 Our Kingdoms Columns, and their Crests do rear
 Above the Vulgar, as of late they grow
 In fortunes, and in honours slight and low;
 So every where they strain the Tenant high,
 And rack him with such tort'ring cruelty,

Time's out of Tune.

As if they thought the breaking of his strength,
Would be a means to fortifie at length
Their craz'd estates; or as they hop'd to raise
Their honours up by down-right wrongful waies.
Thus vice and error rankly over-grow
All ranks of men, and play the Tyrants so
Imperiously, as they would tye each heart
To lowest villenage, and meant to part
Mankind betwixt them. O that wickedness
Were now a Lion, and I *Hercules*!
That I might tear its heart out, and uncase
The Monster that fair *Albion* doth deface.
I would not leave so much of't as might lye
In the small apple of a Wantons eye,
Or on the thin tip of a Lyers tongue;
But unto Hell dispatch it, whence it sprung.
Deep discontent orewhelms me every day,
While childish Gulls (that scarce ere learn'd to pray)
Curse like *Goliath*, impiously let fly
Contempt at Heaven, make shew of valour by
Their daring to blaspheme, and utter that
Which the infernal Fiends would tremble at.
O *Juvenal*, the Motives were but slight
(Compar'd with mine) that caused thee to write
Such fierce invectives, in a moody rage,
So to bestorm the manners of that age
Wherein thou liv'dst, and thy right-levell'd lines
To sharpen, like the quills of Porcupines.
Thy age did halt, but ours is down-right lame;
Thine discompos'd, but ours quite out of frame;
Thine aguish, but ours heart-smitten by
An Hectick, which the Wars phlebotomy
Did more enrage, as having rouz'd much sin,
Which till those startling times had dormant bin:
Thy liver was but dry'd, but mine's a coal
Is turn'd, that fumes into my pensive soul,

And gives me no more rest then if I backt
 A billow, when with storms the welkin crackt.
 Whether th' *Canaries* may be styled well
 The Islands fortunate, I scarce can tell :
 But (sure I am) our Isle may termed be;
 Unhappy, for our pityed scarcity
 Of goodness; who (as loth to be at loss
 Of mischiefs) greedily all vice engross;
 Suck up the sins of Nations, store up all
 Th' accursed ills that blast this flowery ball.
 The *Romans*, when they chanc'd to overcome
 Nations, did still bring their Religion home;
 But we that kill our own, as much do gain,
 As for his brothers slaughter wretched *Cain*.
 The *Candiot*s have been infamous for lyes,
 The *Carthaginians* for vile treacheries,
 The *Syrians* for their soft effeminacy,
 The *Spaniards* for hard-hearted cruelty,
 Th' *Italians* for high pride, for deep excess
 The *Dutch*, the *French* for rash fool-hardiness,
 Others for other faults: but we for all
 Are taxt, our crimes within no compass fall,
 We scorn but to be lewder then the worst,
 And for unhallowed courses more accurst.
 The manners which we frequently do use,
 Are (like our Language) borrowed: but we chuse
 (Such is our ill fate) onely those that be
 The worst, and stain'd with most impurity.
 How fair a varnish laies hypocrisie
 On rotten stufte, to mock the soundest eye!
 Never did men with wider throats commend
 Vertue then now; such store of sighs they spend
 At their devotions, and so towards the sky
 (Like Geese in rain) turn up the white o' th' eye,
 That you would surely think they walked so
 As *Enoch* did, and after him would go:

But

Time's out of Tune.

5

But should you view their inside, you would start
To see a *Golgotha* in every heart,
Such a cadaverous and loathsome Inn
Of foul corruption, such a sink of sin
And villany, that well we wonder may,
How his revengeful hand just Heaven can stay,
And not dart thunder at their heads, that throw
Divine Laws under foot, and on them go
To Dev'lish ends, beclouding thus the face
Of Sun-like sanctity with foul disgrace.
Surely Religion wears large sleeves, that we
Do pin thereon so much impiety,
Make shew of sanctimony, preach and pray;
Yet heretofore calumniate and betray,
Lay plots of mischief, offer injury
(The Devils sacrifice) snap greedily
At *Mammon's* baits, take strumpets, turn off wives,
And with all wickedness debauch our lives.
We like to *Herod* are, that seem'd to look
At Heaven devoutly, when in hand he took
His sword to slay poor Innocents, and in
His gloomy bosom hid an Hell of sin.
Some petty vices seem in some degree
Ally'd to virtues, and men easily
May be therein mistook: but those that bear
Sway in our Nation, like to Witches, wear
The Devils marks (though plainlier set to view)
Are full-grown evils, of high coloured hue,
And horrid nature, such as seem to call
For direful vengeance on our heads to fall.
Ah *Britain*! 'tis no wonder that thou art
So sharply plagu'd, so maim'd in every part
By thy self-wounding arms, so fleec'd and slay'd,
So crush'd with heaviest pressures, and so made
A scorn to other Nations, when through thee
Runs a wide stream of all impiety,

So foul and odious, as if Hell had spew'd
Cocytus up, and with rank poisons brew'd
 Th' unblest floud, that it might far and near
 Blast with dire vapours both the earth and air.
 More Monsters pester not the slimy strand
 Of *Nile*, then strange opinions vex our Land,
 And th' heavenly path into more by-ways part,
 Then there are lines drawn in the Sea-mans Chart.
 And as that River by seven mouths is sent
 Into the Ocean, so this Nation went
 Through the seven deadly sins to deep distress,
 That wraps us in the waves of wretchedness.
 At such times as our Kingdomes strength was broke
 Under the *Roman, Saxon, Danish* yoke,
 And other force, we surely could not bee
 Lost and debauch'd in such a damn'd degree,
 As in these days. For like the *Crocodile*,
 Sin's eye growing, ever bent to spoil;
 Ever since fairest *Paradise* was lost,
 Has it been winning upon every Coast,
 And by Serpentine subtilty each way
 It self doth winde, and mischief doth convey.
 We (as *Prometheus* fire from Heaven did take)
 Dare kindle brands at Hell, and slyly make
 The sparks thereof whole Nations to incense
 To furious Wars for shadows of offence,
 That on their substances our selves may feed,
 And highly triumph while they burn and bleed.
 We wallow in new riots, take delight
 To turn our brains out of their service quite,
 By strong *Narcoticks*, and by quaffing deep,
 Lay all our mental faculties asleep,
 Seeming therewith to make the God of Wine
 To bluish, and under his broad-leaved Vine
 To hide-himself for shame. We turn to Stewes
 Houses of Honour, and sweet love abuse

Time's out of Tune.

To rank pollutions, causing *Cupids* bow
To send forth arrows, just as mad men throw
Stones both at men and beasts; and that we are
Too *Satyre*-like, our horned feet declare.
Which way so ere mine Optick balls are thrown,
Vices are th'objects that they light upon,
Appearing like to Furies, full of Hell,
Such as against due Government rebell,
Are rankt with insolence, and never cease
To threat our downfall, and disturb our peace.
Sith onely vertue saves us from the jaws
Of ruine, and secures us by her laws,
Lending us Sun-shine in our darkest days
Of grief, and conduct through our mazy ways,
How wretched are we to reject it so,
And with such ardency our selves to throw
Into the arms of vice, that doth betray
Our joys to anguish, fortunes to decay,
Loads us with shame, and like to Asses drives
T' untimely sepulchres our galled lives.
Fair Vertue, if thou hence must banisht be,
Daign me the honour to attend on thee
To th' farthest *Indies*, where the onely sway
Of Nature holds men in a happy way
Of harmles carriage, and with ease restrains
Them from much lewdness that our lives distains.
Now that we have (poor *Issachars*) so long
Lain couching under cruelty and wrong,
And have been miserably abused by
False arts, the pick-locks of our treasury,
'Twould be a pleasing spectacle to see
Fair truth, kind friendship, pure integrity.
And should I find such treasures now, I should
Not envy much just *Saturns* age of gold.

SATYRE II.

Against Sectaries.

NOT well dispos'd I was, but neither mad,
Nor tipp'd, yet a great desire I had
Once, when a Learned Sermon had mine ear
Refin'd, & a sordid Cottage to repair,
Where oft like senseless Puppets on a string
Did Sectaries appear (but haply cling
More close together) there to chew the cud,
And taste more fully some celestial food.
Thither came I; and after kind salutes
From some that were demure and stood for Mutes,
Though o'th' more vocal sex; beyond a skreen,
(Where I might freely laugh, and not be seen)
I took my place, to play a while the Spy,
And use my best art of discovery.
After the company well mixed was,
Up stands a fellow with a face of brass,
And a great wood-land beard; which made me guess
That he some Hedger was, and did profess
Rough Husbandry; the marks whereof appear'd
Upon his leathern slops, all scratcht, and smear'd
With sullage; he, out-stretching now his paws,
As Sun-burnt as they had been Cancers claws,
Thus spake: 'Kind friends, brothers and sisters dear,
'And hopeful as in field full sheaves appear,
'Fit for the Cart; I gladly would preach ore
'(As 'tis my custome) what you heard before:
'But verily 'twould prove a thankless pain,
'And my lip-labour would be spent in vain,
'As was the Sermon. Did you ever hear
? A Teacher utter so much learned gear?

' He

' He talkt of *Jerome*, and of *Augustine*,
' Of this grave Bishop, and that great Divine,
' Of the Original, of Radixes,
' Of Figures, Dialects, Concordances,
' And other such like stuff, that was to those
' That heard it difficult and dangerous.
' For (mark you) as much rubbish being thrown
' Upon a good soil, hardens it to stone :
' So much rough gibberish may (for ought I know)
' Choke up mens hearts, and make them harder grow.
' And what zeal shew'd he ? he no more did sweat,
' Then did the sand i'th' hour-glass, and did beat
' The Pulpit with his fists no more at all,
' Then did the Kings Arms quarrel with the wall.
' I and my neighbour *Twixxel* can out-preach
' Twenty such Doctours; we can soundly teach
' In wholesome Tubs, can make them to run ore
' With Doctrines, Reasons, Uses by the score ;
' Set Hell before you, shake your hearts with fears,
' Send fierce damnation rattling 'bout your ears,
' Grub up your vice as Hogs root up your grain,
' And then with th' oil of comfort ease the pain
' Of wounded souls, and set them in a trice
' Within the free-hold of fair Paradise.
' This do we without learning, tell me then
' What goodly fruits yields bookishness to men,
' Unless it be some benefit to walk
' Like statues, and like popinjays to talk ;
' To shew a forehead like a furrowed land,
' Much to ore-look, but little t' understand ?
' I hate Outlandish Tongues, sith Magick spells
' And charms, and many lewd inventions else
' Are writ therein, so that I well may guess
' That very Hell-hounds bark such Languages :
' *Latine* is *Babylonish*, fit for Stews,
' The *Greek* for Heathens, *Hebrew* for the Jews,

' Were

TO

Time's out of Tune.

‘Were all Books burnt, (as in th’ Apostles days
‘Some were) zeal would grow hotter, and more praise
‘Devotion crown, that going too much by
‘The Book, now halts, and looks contemptibly.
‘Two sons I have (that shall be christen’d, when
‘They are grown up to well-discerning men)
‘Whom at the Plough I every day employ;
‘Whence rather then I would their industry
‘And forwardness withdraw, to make them fool
‘Away their time with others at the School,
‘I to the *Spaniards* Mines would send the Knaves
‘To dig, or sell them to be Gally-slaves:
‘Yet hope I they will be good Tub-men, and
‘Clear up their wits new truths to understand:
‘For they’re as cross as Crab-fishes, that move
‘Backwards; old ways already they reprove,
‘And much respect to parlour-preaching shew,
‘But slackly to our steeple-houses go;
‘Which all men should behold with hatred, since
‘Of an high pinnacle th’ Infernal Prince
‘Made Dev’lish use. A multitude that were
‘Blinder then Owls, such buildings first did rear;
‘And few frequent them now, save th’ ignorant
‘And superstitious, that true light do want.
Hereat I bustled up, and in a rage,
Such as *Orestes* shews upon the Stage,
When Furies threaten him, I flung away,
Scarce knowing whether I should curse, or pray
For such lewd Zelors, that abuse the Rites
Of fair Religion by unhallowed sleights.
Fye on th’ imposture of this graceless age!
Deserves it not in a Satyrick rage
To be with scourges torn, as it doth rear
Religion’s form, and makes it to appear
Like *Lucrece*, when the poniard was infixt
In her fair side, and blood with tears commixt,

Lookt

Lookt o' th' complexion of the Heavenly Bow,
 Which ruddy beams, and rorid vapours show ?
 'Tis time the world should finally be roll'd
 Int' darkness, when blind Laicks are so bold
 To trouble with rude feet the sacred Springs
 Of Knowledge, to lay hold on Heavenly things
 With unwash't hands, and t' measure by their sense,
 What far exceeds their brains circumference.
 The Pagan Priests were mannerly devout,
 And ever wont (before they went about
 To offer sacrifice) to mundifie
 Themselves by washings, fasting, chastity :
 But our rash *Sciolists*, that make a trade
 Of marring Texts, as rudely do invade
 The Priestly Function, as poor Souldiers storm
 A wealthy Town ; they matter not for form,
 Nor decency therein, but on it fall
 Down-right, with motion simply natural,
 Like their conceits. Yet if thou canst enure
 Thy tender sense the wawlings to endure
 Of lust-stung Cats, to hear the gasty Owl
 Scritch at thy window, or fierce Wolf to howl ;
 Canst brook the filing of hard metall'd Saws,
 Th' creaking of Carts, or of our mongrel Laws,
 The snarling Terms ; then boldly mayst thou reach
 Thy prickt-up ears to hear these Rusticks preach.
 Me thinks such Goat-herds (for I were to blame
 To grace them with the harmless Shepherds name)
 Should fear lest that the rev'rend shades of those
 Old Fathers that did holy Works compose,
 Should terrifie, and stop them in their way,
 As sometime a bright Angel did affray
Balam's rude beast. Those mirrours of that age
 Wherein they liv'd, their powers did engage
 To sound the depth of truth, and with much pain
 The knowledge both of Tongues and Arts did gain ;
 Which

Which shines yet so conspicuously, that it
 Dazles with excellence each modern wit,
 And seems no less miraculous then ought
 That they above the reach of Nature wrought :
 But so rude are our *Novellists*, that all
 Arts they deride save the Mechanicall,
 And utterly would banish or suppress
 (Like *Julian*) all the nobler Sciences.
 Had such been with th' Apostles, when from high
 The sacred Dove like rushing wind did fly,
 They surely would have labour'd by their wrongs
 To have extinguish'd all those fiery tongues.
 Yet as in old *Rome* the chief Pontifices
 Were priviledg'd ('mongst other Liberties)
 From rigid censures : so these blundering Swains
 Scorn to be charg'd with weak erroneous brains,
 But on their Auditours impose as Law,
 Whatever from their muddy pates they draw.
 Noble *Theosophy*, that from above
 Art graced with thy Serpent and thy Dove ;
 Thou Crown of Sciences, divinely clear,
 And rich in beaurty, like the Heavenly Sphere,
 How is thy celsitude dishonour'd by
 The scum of ignorance and peasantry,
 Rotten Impostors, Hypocrites in grain,
 Whom none can look on with too much disdain !
 Not sons of thunder, but of squibs and fume,
 Such as will stinkingly themselves consume.
 And you fair daughters of *Mnemosyne*,
 You sacred Muses, that have smooth'd the way
 To Sciences, that by your powerful songs
 Disarm the Fates, and disappoint their wrongs,
 And by the sweet enticements of delight
 To civil manners savage minds invite,
 How have your famous Mountains sunk so low
 Int' disrespect ! your Springs that erst did flow

Almost

Almost like Seas, how almost are they dry
With weeping for the worlds impiety !
And your brave Bayes (that lightning durst not blast)
How are they scorcht and wither'd now at last
By the contemptuous and contentious breath
Of Schismatics, Factors for Hell and death,
Base Miscreants, that brutishness affect,
As if they would (if well they could) reject
Their inward forms ; and were they once estrang'd
So from themselves as *Circe* sometimes chang'd
The wandering *Greeks*, would scarce endure to be
Restor'd to th' state of fair humanity.
Mean while they would (like *Gnosticks*) seem to know
All things, yet cross to th' wayes of knowledge go,
And laugh down learned works, as gamesome boyes
Puffe out their shining bubbles, airy toyes.
The liberal Arts serve nowadays to be
Matter of rude mirth to their clownery,
Who neither by safe rules their actions square,
Nor others rectifie, but simply are
Like quacking Emp'ricks, that profess much skill,
Yet when they should work cures, do idly kill.
Now *Atlas*, thou that dost vast Heaven support,
Dost thou not shake't with laughter ? nor transport
Thy self with anger ? threatening to throw down
Thy starry load, when thou behold'st that Clown
Swinkard, who lately wicker Chairs did sell,
Bestriding many a stile with bonny *Nell*,
Now to usurp a Doctors Chair, and prate
(I'll nere say preach) against the settled State
Of our Church-Government; his desk to box
More fiercely then ere *Cartwright* did or *Knox*,
And with hackt sword, charg'd pistoll, wicked smell
Of Powder and Tobacco (stufte for Hell)
Lift towards Heaven his hands besprent with gore,
And scratcht with rapine, its great aid t' implore,

The

The precious treasure of sweet peace to send,
 And t' our contentions put a blessed end;
 When 'tis well known that none but such as he
 (Accurst ere born) brought on our misery:
 Yet stand his hearers (like the Mares in *Spain*,
 That *Zephyres* genial blasts would entertain)
 Ready to suck in all the wind he breaks,
 And yield themselves his Captives whilst he speaks;
 Especially when in the face he flies
 Of noble Arts, and rudely vilifies
 Fair Learning, tearing it in drunken zeal,
 The noisome Canker of the Common-weal,
 And th' poison of good minds; which if it were
 Such, no infection need such *Stentors* feare.
 Thus that which hath made Nations eminent,
 Hath modell'd out best forms of Government,
 Crown'd men with Lawrel in the stormy daies
 Of War, in calm peace won an higher praise,
 And through the world Religions light dispreed,
 Is threatned to be damp't and banished
 Into sad darkness, by vain vulgar pride
 Is like a worn-out garment cast aside,
 Thrust as a weakling rudely to the wall,
 Daily expecting a black Funerall.
 If true it were which th' Ancients have approv'd,
 That by the Muses (as by souls) are mov'd
 The shining Spheres, and Musick by them made,
 The motion of the Heavens would now be staid,
 And those great Organs of the world become
 Tuneless, as by harsh mischief stricken dumb.
 Those Eulogies that did our *Moor* advance,
 And learned *Bellay* in the Realm of *France*,
 In *Spain* *Alphonfus*, and in *Germany*
 Brave *Maximilian*, must recanted be,
 At least suppress, if blinde *Ignare's* may
 Go stumbling on in their destructive way.

But

But in despite of all Hell-hatched plots,
Damn'd conjurations, and combined knots
Of male-contents, fair Science shall not long
Thus droop, but like the palm resist her wrong;
And having scatter'd all the clouds that ere
The breath of envy rais'd, more bright appear.

SATYRE III.

Against the abuse of Poetry.

AT no time does my gall more over-flow,
Then when I see the Muses-undergo
Hard censures, and into contempt to slide,
Through the vain lightness and phantastick pride
Of some, that at high Poetry do aime,
But of their mark (to th' undertakers shame)
Fall short the full length of *Apollo's* Bow,
And where they would much Art, meer error show.
The best and loveliest things, when time betraies
Their natures to corruption, lose their praise,
And grow most lothsome: so sweet Poetry
(Though 't has with lofty numbers reacht the sky)
Falls deep into contempt, when 'tis employ'd
'Bout vanities, which graver wits deride,
Or else to publick view doth naked set
Obscurity, like those in *Vulcan's* net.
Amphion, Linus, Orpheus, and the rest
O' th' Muses sons, the ancientest and best
(Whose souls were full of God, and seem'd to be
Rightly attemper'd to Heavens harmony)
Were not with greater honour entertain'd,
Then the Poetick Tribe is now disdain'd,

Because

Because upon base trifles runs their rhyme,
 Scarce touching ought that 's serious or sublime,
 'Tis true; the world owes its civility
 To old Poets, who by powerful harmony
 Men of most brutish fierceness did subdues
 And them from wilde Woods into Cities drew,
 As into Hives by tinkling sounds are Bees
 Allur'd, whose homes were hollow Rocks or Trees:
 But lately have our wits been bold to expresse
 (Like *Pans* Priests) all uncivil wantonness,
 Sug'ring the Cup of Vice, that it with more
 Sweet pleasure might go down then heretofore.
 How many sheets of paper have been stain'd
 (Whence Wit and Learning are the more disdain'd)
 With down-right ribauldry, foul acts of lust,
 And other trumperies, more fit (like dust)
 To be to th' dunghil swept, then ere to be
 Suffer'd to approach the Muses company!
 All kinds of wickedness have in this age
 Plaid their licentious pranks upon the Stage,
 In such sort, that Spectators few or none
 Have thence sans danger of infection gone:
 Which caus'd our strict *Theosophyes* to accuse
 Of so much lewdness the Dramatick Muse,
 And cry Playes mainly down, as if they were
 The Devils works, and Hellish marks did beare;
 Sending them (from the *Cock-Pit*, and *Black-Friers*)
 To th' pit infernal and unpyting fires.
 Thus as vile rust doth to rich metals stick,
 And as a venomous Canker to the quick
 Eats verdant plants: so on fair Poesie
 Creeps foul abuse, and sinks it wretchedly
 Into disgrace, that else might reach by right
 High Fame, and shine with pure *Phæbean* light.
 No forms of speech, like strains Poetical,
 Can sound things sacred and celestial,

Nor high and brave achievements can relate
 With such elation and magnifiquè stare
 As gallant Verse, that doth aspire to hit
 The roof of Heaven in noble flights of wit.
 Is it not meerly then indign and base,
 This ornament of brave wits to disgrace
 By using pens (as Surgeons do their tools)
 'Bout nasty things, such as great nasty fools
 May loudly laugh at, and by falling on
 Low Themes, the subjects of derision?
 As if divine *Iopas* had made choice
 With his gilt Harp, and more harmonious voice
 To have sung of earth-bred Reptiles, when he told
 How the Celestial Orbs in order roll'd.
 Not that great Emperour, who much time spent
 In killing sawcy Flyes, nor he that meant
 To gain fame by his great dexterity
 In casting small seeds through a needles eye;
 Nor yet the Souldiers of *Caligula*,
 Who, marching in bright arms, and battle-ray,
 Scrambled for Cockles on the slimy beach,
 Were so ridiculous as those that reach
 At the brave Lawrel, and presume to climbe
 High *Helicon*, yet in low spriteless rhyme
 Wire-draw their wits, and taint sweet Poësie
 With the rank steams of loth'd impurity.
 No short-heel'd G. glot falls to lewdness now,
 Nor faithless wife deforms her husbands brow;
 Nor any such licentious prank occurs
 In Town or City, but some Poet stirs
 The mud thereof, and sers his servile rhymes
 On running, to disspread th' infectious crimes.
 And with what Laudatives they interlard
 Their Writings, when they look for great reward
 From brave Magnifico's, or would raise high
 Their Verse, apothers Muse to fortifie

'Gainst Envies onsets, is to few unknown
 That know the strain of adulation.
 Lately (and squeamishly) I did ore-look
 A thing presum'd to be a witty book,
 And weighty too; for at the least a score
 Of dabling Rhymers up the work did shore,
 As forked sticks do Vines; men of all trades ..
 (I think) uphold th'invention join'd their aids,
 And cry'd it up extremely; when (alas)
 A low and fragmentary piece it was,
 So poor a trifle, that it well might go
 To beg, and take what others would bestow,
 Yet scarce live to give thanks, but at the age
 Of Ballads or Diurnals, quit the Stage.
 I likewise put mine Optricks to much pain,
 Whilest the hot fire-work of anothers brain
 I lookt on; one, that for a rampant maid
 Of vile dishonour the sly Pandar plaid;
 And thus with ranting strains of bastard rhyme
 Taught her to court a Gallant of the time:
 ' Sir, since a green-sick weakness 'tis to veil
 ' Fair love, and true affection to conceal,
 ' Mine (in despite of Parents, Aunt, or Uncle)
 ' Shall sparkle tow'ards you like a bright Carbuncle,
 ' Or rather like the stout *Asbestus* stone,
 ' That once inflam'd, fears no extinction.
 ' Your beauty others praise; Ile say no more,
 ' Then that your curl'd locks shine like golden Ore,
 ' Or like the manes o' th' Horses of the Sun,
 ' Playing in flames before young *Phaeton*.
 ' Your Front's a chalky Mount, wherein are plow'd
 ' Furrows of love with fruitfulness endow'd.
 ' And like to pretty Bugle-horns do bend
 ' Your brows, from wrongs your dear eyes to defend,
 ' Eyes that are Orbs, whose motions seldom stop;
 ' Whence through your gemmy nose seem stars to drop.

' I call your cheeks fresh Rose-cakes, sweet and fair :
 ' And threads of soft perfumed Velvet are
 ' The portals of your voice, which opening wide,
 ' Blush that they cannot their Pearl-treasures hide;
 ' Set to immure your tongue, lest it should fly
 ' With Angels, as it strikes their harmony.
 ' Scarce do I know wherewith to match your chin,
 ' Whose Down in softness would put down your skin,
 ' And whose neat dimple (of Loves dart the dint)
 ' Presents a work of excellence in print.
 ' Thence a *Nectarian* Alley leads mine eye
 ' Down to your breasts all-beauteous *Galaxie*,
 ' That a rich bank of pleasure bord'reth on,
 ' Whose Centre may be call'd *Cotyledon*.
 ' Fain would I give your other parts their due,
 ' As of their lineaments I take a view
 ' In phantasies glass; but now (methinks) I feel
 ' Some formal modesty (like rusty steel)
 ' To curb my boldness, and withhold me from
 ' That place whereto I must desire to come.
 ' O that I had but elbow-room, to tell
 ' How rumbling love doth in my bowels swell !
 ' And how the flames thereof like lightning-flashes,
 ' Will turn my carbonado'd heart to ashes;
 ' Unless your pitying kindness prove the Lawrel
 ' To save me harmless, and compose the quarrel
 ' Of passions in my breast, that in their strife
 ' Would run away with th' fire-brand of my life,
 ' Faster then *Sampsons* Foxes, when their tails
 ' Were sing'd, or then a frighted Pinnace fails.
 ' The Sun that breeds such fervours is your grace
 ' In courtship, and the dog-star is your face :
 ' Let such an amorous heat then as doth swell
 ' My tender breast, your youthful marrow melt,
 ' And prompt you straight to meet me at the Play-
 ' House, where we darted glances th' other day ;

' And where by strange attraction of your eyes,
 ' You shew'd how beauties force doth magnetize,
 ' There shall you find me like a flower spread,
 ' And breathing sweetness to perfume your bed;
 ' Or rather like a rich unrifled Pack
 ' Of rarities, such as young Gallants lack:
 ' Which if you will not buy, Ile prove so kind,
 ' As t' give you what contents a Lovers mind.

Thus went the Rambler on to praise, applaud,
 Entice; and thus he made his Muse a Bawd,
 T' incense to lewdness those that on a flame
 Already were, nor could wild passion tame:
 Hows'ere, at Hell-gates must they needs arrive,
 Whom both the Devil and damn'd Verse did drive.

Such base blandiloquence is grown as rise
 ' Mongst modern Poets, as 'mongst Rivals strife,
 ' Mongst Souldiers rapine, or 'mongst Gossips lies.
 Few of *Apollo's* train do Poëtize

• Like rich-soul'd *Salust*, who hath justly wrought
 High Honours wreath, for that his Muse he taught
 To pierce the Clouds, like the proud head of Fame,
 And onely to pursue the noblest Game,
 Sounding the great Creators lofty praise
 With the loud Musick of immortal laies.
 But how is't possible the Muses should
 Bear bravely up, when few or none uphold
 Their fainting heads? They may indeed go on
 To climbe *Parnassus*, and steep *Helicon*,
 To bath their beauties in their shadow'd Springs,
 And entertain their thoughts with specious things,
 And hopes of happiness: but yet in th' end
 All that their states doth commonly attend,
 Is poverty, contempt, and spiteful wrongs,
 Burthens (alas) too heavy for their songs.
 © Age inglorious! when those men that be
 Endow'd with Natures rare benignity,

Born up in hovering extasies above
 The world, and all compos'd of sweetness, love,
 And harmony, are oft with harshest scorn
 Paid home, left succourless, and quite forlorn.
 If they be fed with an applausive air,
 And the gay ornaments of praises wear,
 Be honour'd for an highly soaring strain,
 'Tis for the most part all the crop of gain
 They reap; and therefore needly must they sing
 Sad Notes, whom wants are still importuning.
 Once to *Antilochus* *Lysander* brave,
 For's lines an hat-full of pure silver gave;
 But with an heart-full now of heavier woe,
 Lightly regarded might the Poet go.
 And *Oppian*, to whom *Severus* paid
 So many Crowns as he had Verses made,
 Should he so fish for treasure here, would be
 Sure to take nought but pains and penury.
 Those that are bound in honour to befriend
 The *Heliconian* Maids, their fortunes spend
 On Hellish Strumpets, pride and gluttony;
 Which (like the three extracts in Chymistry)
 Consume a world of wealth, and seem to choke
 The hopes of Artists with a bitter smoke.
 I (sighing) wish all Potentates did bear
 Such minds as did *Augustus*, so t' indear
 Brave lofty wits, and with their treasure cast
 A lustre on their lines; then would at last
 This Lady of affections, Poetry,
 Raise her depressed fortune, rectifie
 Her late deflexion from the nobler wayes
 Of Art, and flourish with triumphal Bayes.

SATYRE IV.

'Against Presumption.

AWay, Phantastick, boast not thine own worth,
 But give fair leave to others to set forth
 The praises thou dost challenge. Well we may
 Measure our vertues, and our merits weigh,
 Give judgment on our own abilities,
 And what therein is laudable, agnize;
 But to be our own trumpets, to proclaim
 Our own endowments, damps the sound of Fame,
 Dims vertues splendour, and upon the face
 Of a desertful action casts disgrace.
 Then to be swoln up with a tympany
 Of self-conceit, and (cracking) to let fly
 Much glorious Language, where there's little cause,
 Doth mainly violate discretions laws;
 And has th' ill fortune, that who so would show
 An heigh of wits, for down-right Dunces go.
 As Fishers spread their nets, so we extend
 Our reasons, thinking all to comprehend;
 Take all things to be perviews to our sense,
 And hold opinions with stiff confidence;
 When't is too certain that we rather slit
 The bark of verity with point of wit,
 Then penetrate the pith thereof, that lies
 Center'd and wrapt in deep abstrusities.
 Each thing at least with double face presents
 It self; and when with tedious arguments
 The *Thomists* and the *Scorists* have maintain'd
 Disputes, the sinews of their wits are strain'd
 So evenly, that scarce you can divine
 To whether side the ballance doth incline.

Opinions, that may fetch their ancestry
 Almost as far as Natures infancy,
 And have been fortifi'd by numerous hosts
 Of Wits, prove now no truer then the boasts
 Of the *Arcadians*, vainly who aver
 That then the Moon their Nation's ancients.
 How currantly it pass'd for many an age,
 That no small part of the terrestrial Stage
 Was without Actors in't, where namely, great
 Rigour of cold prevails, or raging heat:
 Whereas 'tis now t' each Navigator known
 That both the Arctick and the Torrid Zone
 May be endur'd, and many Nations well
 (With some *Corre&ives*) in those Regions dwell.
 So thought our Gallants, that they judg'd aright
 The earths division to be tripartite,
 When they dismiss *Columbus* from our Court
 With scoffs, because he boldly made report
 Of a new world: else in the stead of vain
 Drugs, that our bodies taint, and credits stain;
 Our ships (those wooden walls, that do immure
 Our Kingdomes, and Commodities secure)
 Had shin'd with treasures, and our Sea-men bold
 Had been like *Argonauts*, that sail'd for Gold.
 Man's a presumptuous creature, apt to go
 On heighten'd hopes, that send him off below
 His station; blindness doth his soul benight,
 And lame irrectitude deformeth quite
 His life, that (will he, nill he) must confess
 It self ore-powred by all weakneses.
 Yet does he stretch himself on tiptoes high,
 And almost dares with great Divinity
 To make compare, puts the Almightyes threats
 And promises 'mongst formal slight conceits,
 Values his great works at too mean a rate,
 And seldome for his gifts doth elevate

Time's out of Tune.

A grateful spirit. But if retrograde
His fortune move, or grievances invade
His person, presently at such alarms
He's ready (*Giant-like*) to take up arms
Against great Heaven, and sticks not to let fly
Indignant speeches 'gainst the Deity :
Just as the *Thracians*, when fierce thunder tears
The Clouds, shoot arrows at the Heavenly Spheres.
Such persons stand upon the slippery brink
Of ruine, and as ready are to sink
Into deep mischief, as was *Xerxes*, when
Attended with a numerous host of men,
He to high *Athos* bold defiance sent,
As scorning by this lowest element
To be ore-toppt : he threatned to oppress
Natures dominions with his mightiness,
To make the earth grogne, and the Ocean quake ;
Yet straight with wings of fear his flight did take,
His troops being chased by *Leonidas*,
As by a Lion Sylvane Herds, or as
Thick swarms of Gnats along the dampish shores
Are by a storm disperst, when *Boreas* rores.
O vain Presumption, that *Ixion-like*
Dost grasp a Cloud, and would'st with terror strike
Thine enemies, mock'st others with deceits,
Yet art thy self cook with delusive baits !
As thou threw'st Angels from Celestial stare,
So men, by thee rais'd, dost thou ruinate ;
And as thou humbledst *Babel* to the ground,
And didst the Language of the world confound,
So greatest works thy pride still overthrows,
And fills whole Kingdoms with confused woes ;
Yet 'tis our fate or folly to run on
Still in high-ways of bold presumption,
Without restraint. We (like poor Prisoners cast
Into a Dungeon) on this Globe are plac'd,

The

Time's out of Tune.

The stair-foot of the world, and sediment
Of Nature, whither all her dregs are sent,
Excretions and impurities ; yet we
Think the whole world maintains an harmony
For our sole sakes, and that the glorious frame
Of Heaven at our content doth chiefly aim.
Yea, we pretend to know the Stars so well,
As if we did i' th' Heavenly houses dwell ;
Vain mortals have we stellifi'd, have all
Along with Antiques hung th' *Olympian* Hall,
And (as Celestials did affect our sports)
Bull, Bear, Dog, Lion, beasts of other sorts,
And sundry Fowls, have we advanced high,
And starr'd therewith the fore-head of the sky.
Some high-flown wits play upon wing, and strive
To know what plots (forsooth) the stars contrive,
Consult with them about all great affairs,
As of Religion, Empire, peace, and wars;
Presumeing that (as in the Book of Fate)
They read in Heaven the change of every State;
They calculate nativities, and show
What Fortunes in the paths of life shall go
Along with men, and what at last befall,
(If their starre-doctrine prove authentical.)
But if all grand mutations they fore-know,
Why did they not with all their art fore-show
That to th' Religion which we now embrace,
Both Jewish Ceremonies should give place,
And Heathenish rites ? They did indeed foretell
(Which their bold rules doth shamefully resell)
That our Religion (honour'd with the Cross)
Should fail, and feel an universal loss,
When once three hundred threescore years were gone
After that dread world-shaking Passion :
But their words were as far from truth, as even
Their arms from fathoming the arch of Heaven ;

For

For then did Christianisme so mainly spread,
 As if th' officious winds had carried
 It on their wings. O the proud dotages
 Of shallow-headed mortals ! that profess
 The knowledge of the things they nere can reach,
 Such as th' Intelligences scarce can teach.
 Man (wanting wit t' account himself a fool)
 Is by the very Insects set to School ;
 Yet looks on's fellow-creatures with as much
 Disdain, as if his haughy brow did touch
 The roof of Heaven ; and with such tyranny
 Ore-awes the rest of Natures family,
 As if they serv'd not to adorn the main
 Frame of the world, or did not appertain
 To the same Lord ; on whom such injury
 Reflects, and strikes at's awful Majesty.
 But why, poor Earthling, dost thou swell so high ?
 Dost thou not see that beasts sagacity
 Puzzles thy reason that exalts thee so,
 And their instinctive powers thy wits out-go ?
 So that their operations, though thine eyes
 Frequently meet them, pass for rarities.
 Besides, whereas the changes they fore-show
 Of th' air, and more then man do seem to know
 The mind of Heaven, or with it to maintain
 Some intercourse ; it frees them from disdain,
 And such contempt, as commonly (among
 Frothy discourses) is upon them hung.
 No less to their own kind are men unkind,
 Whilst lifted up (like feathers in the wind)
 With fumes of pride, and hatching in their brain
 Mis-shap'd opinions, they would yet constrain
 Others t' embrace their brood, and as decrees
 Or settled laws obtrude their novelties.
 He that upon the Moon had spent his wit,
 And found both Sea and Land enough in it

To furnish a new world, with what a bold
 Front did he broch th' opinion he did hold !
 Striving on others judgments to put tricks,
 And make them (like himself) all Lunaticks,
 So he that to the Earth gave motion, and
 Would have the Sun as the worlds Centre stand,
 Taught Magisterially, as ~~poely~~ he
 Had chew'd the Kernel of Philosophy.
 Surely if we could learn of wandering birds
 T' use wings, as we can teach them t' utter words,
 Our curious pride would make a flight more high
 Then *Icarus* his pitch, that it might pry
 Into those wonders which from mortal eyes
 Are set at distance in the awful skies.
 We would try whether th' Elemental fire
 Have the same heat with ours, and would aspire
 To be acquainted with the *Selenites*
 (If any such there be) and feed our sights
 Upon such objects as young *Phaeton*
 In his wild wand'rings fixt his eyes upon.
 Such fumes of vanity dilate the brain
 Of man, that he conceits it doth contain
 As much as Heav'n's circumf'rence ; though so lame,
 And shrunk's his Knowledge, that the narrow frame
 Of his own body he ignores, much less
 Can pierce int' incorporeal essences.
 You sons of *Esculapius*, tell me why
 You falter in your judgments frequently,
 If you can dive into each deep recess
 Of bodies, and know all the offices
 Of Nature there, and of a watch so great
 Can the distemper'd wheels in order set :
 But boldly some give hot, as others cold
 Receipts against diseases, that do hold
 Men in an equal thraldome ; some again
 Apply moist things to dull the edge of pain ;

Others

Others commend exiccatives : some sluice
 The bloud out; others do prefer the use
 Of sweating ; 'gainst which others too inveigh,
 Because bad humours do the good betray.
 Thus (like Sea-robbers fasten'd back to back)
 They look averfly, and poor Patients rack
 By their distractions. But how should they know
 Right cures, that know not whence diseases grow ?
 For one sayes that the cause thereof doth lye
 In atomes which into our bodies fly :
 Another doth derive such maladies
 From bloud (distemper'd) in our arteries :
 A third affirms our spirits faulty are ;
 A fourth accuseth our inspired air ;
 A fifth upbraids us with bad nutriment ;
 Others there are that from all these dissent :
 Then whom can we believe, that they can tell
 What our diseases are, or where they dwell ?
 They make me sick with terms (as Lawyers doe
 Their Clients) yet I cannot but laugh too,
 To hear our Emp'ricks prate of Apepsie,
 Of Hypochondriack pains, of Kachexie,
 Of Muscilages, Trochisks, and Errhines,
 Of Lobochs, Cataplasmes, and Anodynes;
 Words that admit no chewing, but are so
 Crabbed and hard, they never down will go.
 But when they can from all infirmities
 Secure themselves, or cure all maladies,
 Or keep their Masterships from (irksome cares
 Unwelcome tokens) wrinkles and gray hairs,
 I shall give them the honour they require.
 And them, as men miraculous, admire.

SATYRE V.

Against Pride in Apparel.

Surely that spiny man i' th' Moon on me
 Wrought at the hour of my Nativity,
 Or on my Cradle let his burthen slide,
 So ruggedly I look at Lordly pride,
 Slight all the modes of Gallantry, and least
 Regard how Courtly Fashionists are dress'd,
 Had I of *Herods* Auditours been one,
 When sitting on his high Majestick throne
 In gorgeous robes, the Oratour he plaid,
 I should attentively his words have weigh'd,
 And stood amaz'd to see him blasted by
 The Messenger of Heaven: but surely I
 Should have as little gaz'd at his attire,
 As some too much do garish sights admire.
Mushin was of another mind, for he
 Took leave of his companions solemnly,
 As it he meant a Voiage t' undertake,
 Such as sometime did *Magellan* and *Drake*:
 But whither do you think the youngster bent
 His course? to *Paris* with all speed he went,
 To be the first that from that flaunting Court
 A new form'd fashion hither should transport.
 Now who but *Mushin* when again he came?
 He walkt as in a Geometrick frame,
 His limbs were set, and lookt as if he were
 Taking the altitude o' th' starry Sphere,
 When if a scalding Bath had been in's way,
 His skin had been in danger. Gallants lay
 In wait to court him, that they might thereby
 Be free to learn his dear-bought bravery.

And

And as some *Grecian* beauties were survey'd,
 That *Helens* lineaments might be pourtraid:
 So with intent they might resemble him,
 These *Zanjes* view'd each Frenchified limb
 Of the late Traveller, and copy'd forth
 That which they took to be his onely worth,
 I mean his outside. 'Twas not long before
 Such as profess to swagger, drink and whore,
 Ruffled in's fashion, and he lookt most high
 That most exprest his garb and gallantry.
 How roiyish, how ridiculous are we
 To trace another Nations vanity!
 And that so closely, that where they precede,
 Upon their heels we ready are to tread.
 We followed them in a far nobler way,
 When through their Coasts we did our Flags display,
 Mow'd down with sharpest swords the pride and flower
 of *France*, and silenc'd all their threatning power.
 Then Helmets were our Beavers, Gauntlets were
 Our Gloves, in stead of Silks we did appear
 Horrid in Coats of Mail, and these all ore
 Rudely embroider'd with besprinkled gore
 Sluc'd from their veins, whose off-spring now may see
 Those times reveng'd for our hostility,
 Whilst Ape-like we are led in wayes most vain,
 That melt our courages, and credits stain.
 The *French* were not at leisure to devise
 Quaint fashions then, nor were we so unwise
 So soon to take them up, so much t' esteem
 Their worthless toyes; though nowadayes we seem
 To pluck their buds of pride, so soon as ere
 In that too forward Region they appear.
 Now is the Court of *France* our Gallants School,
 Where all they learn is finely to befool
 Themselves, and at no little charge to be
 Both vain and vicious in an high degree.

Hast

Hast thou not, *England*, vices of thine own
 More then enough, and those too fully grown,
 But thou must fetch from other Nations more,
 And add them to thine own detested score ?
 So of the *Germans* didst thou learn to drown
 Thy senses in strong liquors, quaffing down
 More shame therewith then thou canst purge away,
 Though thou should'st use Absterfives every day,
 And more belave thy fame then Pharisees
 Their hands, when innocence they did profess.
 And so great *Rome* (whose fortitude excell'd,
 And where her weapons clast, the Nations quell'd)
 Brought forrain vices home, and seem'd to be
 A tower-like pile of all impiety,
 Of such enormous and stupendious height,
 That it must needs be ruin'd by its weight.
 As an high branch of pride did once confound
 Language, and gave thereby the world a wound :
 So breeds it still confusion in estates,
 That scarce we can distinguish Potentates
 From Peasants. Lately met I on the way
 One of our Nobles habited in gray,
 His man in Scarlet ; to whom, being so brave,
 Titles of Honour at each word I gave,
 Shew'd him my bare head, and inform'd him too
 By bowing what my better leg could do,
 As taking him (so much I was i' th' wrong)
 For that great Peer to whom he did belong.
 Whereat his Lord said : ' Sir, it doth appear
 ' You chanc'd to know my servant th' other year,
 ' When he was Lord of mis-rule ; then (I grant)
 ' As high and big he lookt as *John of Gaunt* ;
 ' But now he's dwindled to poor *Jack*. I straight
 Blusht, and crav'd pardon for my mis-conceit :
 Saying, ' If such respect your man must have,
 ' Then what must you, my Lord, that keep the Knave ?
 Such

Such Vassals heretofore were not allow'd
 In shining robes to shew themselves so proud :
 Only brave Worthies rais'd to dignities,
 Marcht with bright colours, that do symbolize
 With the most noble element, the fire ;
 The very sight whereof might well inspire
 Their breasts with glowing heat of charity,
 And swell their hearts with magnanimity.
 Vestures were veils of shame, not made to lay
 Sui open to the view, that one may say
 There goes a vain Phantastick, yonder's a
 Right *Luciferian* Spark, that doth display
 Pride in its colours ; all those ribbands fine,
 Buttons and lace that on his sute do shine,
 Speak him no less. Seest thou yond' female thing
 Of eleven-teen, as gawdy as the Spring,
 Whilest ragg'd as Winter her poor Parents are ?
 She with the bare breasts, and the powder'd hair,
 Whose face looks like a Sillibub bestrew'd
 With currans ; note her for a Nymph by lewd
 Vices deflowr'd, and meerly lost in vain
 Courses and courtships, that best beauties stain.
 Less sin and trouble do those *Indians* know,
 And other Nations, that as naked go
 As Nature sent them forth, although they dwell
 Under as cold an Heaven and parallel,
 As many *Europeans* : All the year
 They sweat not in close shops, as we do here,
 Using as many trades and several arts
 (Illibral) as we have external parts ;
 All to bedeck a panting lump of clay,
 And all our labours on the back to lay ;
 That for our pinching wrong, and proud disdain,
 The belly well may grumble and complain.
 The very excrements of beasts (as are
 Our balls of sweet perfume, silk, wool, and hair)

Anti

And the base earths embrightned parts beside,
Are the Supporters of our lofty pride,
Or the materials rather, speaking plain
That we are follies children, void of brain;
Were any so ingenuous to confess
That they no mental treasures do possess,
And therefore (lest they should contemned be)
Make up that want with golden braverie,
They for the truths sake should my pardon have;
Who haply o're their guilty backs should wave
My knotty scourge, but give them leave to go
Untoucht, and all their gallantry to show.
Surely those persons wretchedly neglect
Their minds, whose bodies are too bravely deckt:
Their gay clothes are the ensigns of their pride,
Baits of their lusts, and coulenages beside,
Who upon suretiship of rich aray,
Do borrow what they nere intend to pay.
Those habits that most nobly do adorn
The soul, and are with gen'ral liking worn,
Are meekness, courtesie, humility;
These harbour not with too high gallantry:
But where the body shines in richest dress,
The soul's obscur'd, and droops in nakedness.
Some superstitiously have dreamt that they
Could not to th' Heavenly Kingdome miss the way;
If in a poor *Franciscans* hood they dy'd:
But likelier 'tis that who from courtly pride
Estrange their lives, and humbly do demean
Themselves, should high beatitude obtain.
All birds (save *Aesops* Daw) have ever wore
Their native plumes, and covered no more;
Beasts are contented with their wool and hair;
Fishes, their slimy scales and shells to wear;
And the low'st form of creatures, Flyes, and all
Those animals that on the earth do crawl,

Seem well pleas'd with those regiments and dyes
 Which Nature gave them, as fit properties
 To act their part in. Who ere knew the Bee
 Traffique for gay wings with the Butterfly?
 Or hath observ'd the Spider to desire
 The Glowworms splendour, which we much admire?
 Or seen the Ant affecting to be drest
 In Down of Palmer-worms, that fields infest?
 But men, all creatures wronging, from them take
 Such ornaments as for the purpose make
 Of proud desires; they frustrate all the toil
 Of the poor Silk-worm, Shell fishes despoil
 Of their bright treasures, Ostriches destroy
 For their fair plumes, and kill for ivory
 Huge Elephants. By traffique we uphold
 Th' estate of pride; from Peru comes our gold,
 From Sun-saluting *Sera* finely wrought
 Silks, from *Arabia* are sweet odours brought,
 Rich glittering gemms from *Persia*, and from
Achasa do pure shining linens come;
 Each Nation thus contributes less or more
 To make us proud of their superfluous store.
 'Tis not the least plague of mankind & addict
 Themselves to a vanity that doth afflict
 Such as pursue it, and disturbs almost
 The whole world, whilst we ransack every Coast
 For such things as Commodities we call
 Untruly, sith they profit not at all,
 No more then Sunny beams make things to be
 Of more price then in nights obscurity.
 What poor shifts fools do make, that they may go
 In rich attire, and make a gallant show!
 Like Souldiers in a storm'd Town, they'll have
 All they can meet withal, to make them brave;
 Rings they will wear, though wrung their bowels be
 With hunger, and clung up through penury;

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And gold and silver on their backs must shine;
 Though their Domestiques (with dark faces) pine.
 Well may our Gallants be suppos'd to hide
 Deformities, that with great charge provide
 Gay trifles, as therewith themselves t' adorn,
 When they become thereby the common scorn.
 It was not long since Gibbes at our Court
 Made the fastidious Gallants goodly sport:
 His back was broad enough to undergo
 More jests then Poets and Buffons can throw,
 And such his shoulders were, as *Atlas's*
 Are pourtraid, when the Pencil would express
 His sufferings under his Celestial load:
 Yet (by the Tailour rectifi'd) abroad
 He walkt, at Court his comely parts to show;
 With rear'd-up head like a rain'd Horse did go;
 Drew in his bunched back, and so did strain
 Himself, that crabbedly for very pain
 He lookt, whilst all the youngsters at the Court
 (That knew the knobbed lump) did flout him for't;
 Askt how the Gull became so bravely trickt,
 And what quaint tongue had into fashion lick't
 Such a Bear-whelp. Thus in the stead of grace
 And fair respect, derision in his face
 Was flung, and his proud folly so laugh'd down,
 That I grew sorry for the baffled Clown.
 The like left-handed luck have all that so
 Heighten themselves, and make a gallant show
 'Bove their degree. The Ivy does sometime
 Above the Vine with prouder flourish climb,
 As th' Elder doth the Balsame-tree out-grow;
 Yet of these Plants do very Rusticks know
 The diff'rent worth: no less is th' odds betwixt
 Good souls in humble innocency fixt,
 And such as highly do by pride offend:
 Reproch and infamy on these attend,

While th'other, that the altitudes neglect
Of honour, are beheld with high respect.

SATYRE VI.

Against Lying.

WHO are would view the face of truth, must steer
His course t' another Coast, sith nothing here
Save vizards, veils, and semblances we see.
Much faith (I fear) is built on falsity,
Meer mis-constructions, plausible, but vain
Glosses, the figments of an idle brain.
Strange Paradoxes in Divinity,
Which this bloud-drenched age prodigioufly
Brings forth, what are they but as hateful lyes
As Hell and Heresie could ere devise?
If thus in things most serious we digress
From truth, much more i' th' obvious passages
Of life we deviate, whilst our affairs
Are wrapt in falsities, as birds in snares.
The *Cretans* have been infamous for lyes,
And the *Greeks* too, though worthy otherwise
Of fame: but th' *English* now (whose metals sound
Has been explor'd by strokes of war) are found
As full of vanities and lying sleights,
As any Nation that Heav'n's splendour lights.
News in this rustling age accosts us so
As visages do in tost waters show
Themselves, in such a strange shape-shifting sort,
That it serves opely to make wise men sport.
A warlike tempest crashing thro' other day
About so far off as old stories say

Bold Robin Hood could shoot, I askt the posts
 And other passengers what news i' th' Coasts,
 What was the upshot of that eager fight,
 And where strong-winged victory did light.
 Some say the royal army drove away
 Their enemies like beasts, and won the day :
 Others affirm'd the Royalists turn'd tail,
 And the more parlying party did prevail :
 Some saw three hundred breathless on the Plain,
 Others durst swear that onely nine were slain :
 Some a long List of prisoners did ore-look,
 Others affirm'd that onely five were took.
 Thus with their cross reports they did maintain
 A conflict 'mongst themselves, did boldly feign
 Self-pleasing news, and it so promptly tell,
 As they had serv'd a Prentiship in Hell.
 Surely Hell propagates apace by lyes
 (The Devils progeny) fith to devise
 Prodigious falsities, is now become
 As frequent as to fornicate at Rome.
 In the fresh air that panted in my face,
 I one day walkt, when towards me did pace
 A cast-off Courtier, with a pert and bold
 Aspect, that set some gloss upon his old
 Scarlet and Plush ; each step affected stare,
 His hands were active, and his head elate,
 His beard puntilio'd, with mustaches worn
 Almost in fashion of a Ramkins horn.
 ' Accosting me, he askt me how I far'd ;
 ' Scarce well, said I, some Souldiers lately shar'd
 ' My victuals 'mongst them. Nay, sweet Sir, but how's
 ' Your bodjes stare ? then towards me he bows
 ' With courtly cringe. Truly, said I, you show
 ' Courtship too much to one you little know.
 ' Not know you ? he reply'd ; yes surely, I
 ' Can eas'ly sent your flowers of Poetic,

Time's son of Time.

“ I have sometime been swarmed with such things
“ My self, and haunted all the Muses Springs,
“ Though now my *Delphick* hear be quenchr. He tell
“ You (if you please) how the mischance befell.
“ I (as I had a forward mind to see
“ Strange Regions) travell’d towards *Italy*,
“ And having climb’d the highest ridg of all
“ The Alps, stood viewing the terrestrial ball,
“ When the Moon coasting towards me apace,
“ And smiling on me with a forked face,
“ (Wag that I was) upon her horns begilt
“ With beams, I hung my rich embroider’d belt,
“ Whose lustre caus’d great *Tyche* to divine
“ That *Pallas* with her burnisht blade did shine
“ That night in stead of *Phoebe*. Suddenly
“ She glided from me through the spangled sky,
“ And left me shuddering in the stormy cold,
“ Till her bright chariot ’bout the world was roll’d,
“ And brought me what I staid for. Then (alas)
“ With Winters breath my brain so palsied was,
“ And Genius brought so low, that since that time
“ I nere could reach above poor ballad-rhyme,
“ I quickly measur’d much *Italian* ground,
“ Riss’d proud *Rome* for rarities, and found
“ Some Monumental prizes, that had lain
“ Sleeping in rubbish since old *Saturns* reign.
“ With the great Pontife I disputed long,
“ And when the truth he did too plainly wrong,
“ I said as plainly, Man of sin, thou ly’st,
“ And forthwith spat i’ th’ face of Antichrist.
“ Yet got I off in safety, and remov’d
“ Towards that City which rare *Virgil* lov’d;
“ Upon whose urn I did my head repose,
“ And dreaming of deep Knowledge, thence arose
“ To view *Sibylle’s* grove; wherein mine eyes
“ I tir’d in search for hidden prophecies,

And

' And found some mysteries that are not yet
 ' Disclouded by the beams of sharpest wit.
 ' In this fam'd Region many months I spent,
 ' But more in China, whose rare Government
 ' Is celebrated through the world, and stands
 ' As a fixt pattern for all other Lands.
 ' Sir, by your leave, said I, I fain would know
 ' How you so far did into favour grow
 ' With the *Chineses*, such they will maintain
 ' Commerce with none, nor Strangers entertain.
 ' Twas thus ; When I had satiated my desires
 ' In viewing of the vast *Egyptian* spires,
 ' The Cataracts, and other wonders more,
 ' I put off from that monster-breeding shore
 ' Into the Deep ; where, near the mouths of Nile,
 ' Viewing a Dolphin with a Crocodile
 ' Fiercely engag'd, and staying (with delight)
 ' To see the issue of so strange a fight,
 ' Comes an huge Ork and over-turns my boat,
 ' Transmits me through a vast distended throat
 ' Into his bowels , in such sort as he
 ' Was swallowed up who preach'd to Nimrod,
 ' The Monster, as ore-joy'd with such a prey,
 ' Scour'd through the surges of the foaming Sea,
 ' How far I know not ; very far to me
 ' It seem'd, ingulf'd in depth of misery.
 ' It chanc'd that in his boisterous way did pass
 ' A crazed Vessel, that well freighted was
 ' With *Greekish* wine : this Bark he to and fro
 ' Tost, till the whole did under water go,
 ' Save that three precious Runlets chanc'd to float,
 ' But straight slip'd down his Acherontick throat,
 ' Just as by hungry Lions slender bones
 ' Are swallow'd, or by Eagles little stones.
 ' *Pallas* inspires me now, said I ; Ile try
 ' What wit and wine can work ; then dextrously

' With a Steeletro let the liquor flow,
 ' Which madd'd presently the Monster so,
 ' That up and down he wallow'd, and at last
 ' Tumbling to land, on *China's* strand did cast
 ' An half-concocted Courtier. Glad (as could
 ' A creature be) was I then to behold
 ' The lightful Heaven, and civil men to see,
 ' That cur'd my griefs with fruits of courtesie,
 ' Enricht my knowledge with rare mysteries,
 ' And let me down into deep policies
 ' Of state (that made me gracious at our Court;)
 ' Shew'd me inventions of no vulgar sort,
 ' Such as our happier *Bacon* did in new
 ' *Atlantis* see, whereby he famous grew.
 ' More could I tell you, but I now must go
 ' To the Sun-Tavern, though my means be low,
 ' And money short. But your discourse, said I,
 ' Is long, and so farewell. He earnestly
 ' Follow'd and call'd me, who would neither stay
 ' Nor yet look back, but laughing pac'd away.
 Tales as incredible as these are told
 In vulgar mouths, so frequent in our Coast,
 That few can promise that they can relate
 A truth, when many do so vainly prate.
 If all that take delight in fables, as
 Did *Aesop* (though his sense no mockage was)
 Were mark'd with such deformities as he,
 Monkeyes and Apes would prove good company,
 At least fair Ladies would betray this Land
 To strangers, that they might be better mann'd.
 O Truth, what is thy crime, that thou art so
 Punish'd by common voice, and brought as low
 As plunder'd *Scots*? has thy free speech been bent
 Against some stumbling-blocks of Government?
 Look'st thou at Souldiers as at rough and high
 Rocks, that with ruine threat the standers by?

Hast thou found fault with Levies and Excise,
Or siding so at Sessions and Assise,
That slighted are thy plaints, although thy state
Be nere so down-cast and disconsolate ?
If so, thou'rt lost in judgment of the wise,
And mayst go hang (with *Libra* in the skyes.)
How vain and empty are mens phantasies ! He
That seeks in Nature a vacuitie,
May find it here. They take delight to throw
Dust in the eyes of others, and to sowe
Their gulling forgeries in such a sort,
As *Cadmus* (whereof Poets make report)
Did sowe Serpentine teeth. Now if thei'r seed
Like his should grow, this Isle would ever bleed,
The work of war would forward go in haste,
Mischiefe would like *Egyptian* hail lay waste
All in its way, and those that are so rough,
And love dire discord, would have blood enough.
The Prince of wandering shades, with specious lyes
(Such as some Oracles) doth still disguise
His black designs, and as his Imps, applauds
Such as by slippery windings and fly frauds
Do act the Serpent : double tongues (aswell
As cloven feet) are cursed marks of Hell.
Whereas clear truth is such an attribute
As chiefly with Divinity doth suite,
(Which is all essence, all substantial light,
And nothing in it shadowy or slight)
Those that obscure it, and prevaricate
By misty falshood, plainly violate
A form celestial, seeming to defie
The great Assertor of all verity.
Base drossy natures blanch with falsity
Their faults, but noble souls hate forgery.
Cast scorn on those that gild a rotten cause,
And look on such as Eagles upon Dawes.

Those gray beards do deserve *Orbilus* scourge
 Themselves, who with severity should purge
 These costs of lewd mis-government, and yet
 Suffer your youngsters to corrupt their wit
 With vile untruths, and so distort thereby
 Their manners, that they ever look awry.
 Children, before they can articulate
 Their words aright, will lisp out lyes, and prate
 Falsly by signs, fore-shewing that they will
 Be like the Fiend, and learn their Fathers skill.
 He hates the truth, because it seems to be
 A beam or stricture of Divinitie ;
 And oft he casts an Hellish mist upon
 The face thereof, that still appeareth one
 As the Suns globe : but falshood is in show
 As various as the Moon, and spotted so ;
 'Tis manifold, and therefore apt to lead
 Many astray, sith few with caution tread.
 Error is onely in request ; and he
 That keeps the old right way, is sure to be
 Wronged by Novellists. The bands of fair
 Society so oft dissolved are
 By falshood, (when at telling of each lye
 Some link thereof in sunder seems to fly)
 That we may justly fear that harsh and rude
 Disorder will drive on the multitude
 To ruinous designs, defacing quite
 All prints of Government, and civil right.
 Who constantly accords with truth, hath gone
 A good way towards mans perfection,
 And may well hope that he sometime shall see
 The clear well-head of true felicity.
 Brave *Cleopatra's* draught of pulveriz'd
 Jewels and wine, that aptly emblemiz'd
 Her dear affection to *Mark Anthony*,
 Not half so precious was as verity

Is in our mouths ; the rareness of the same
 Makes it of more esteem and greater fame.
 Surely (if still to a corrupted state
 Our manners change, and minds degenerate)
 Plain truth will seem a wonderment, and we
 Shall on it look as at some prodigie.

SATYRE VII.

Against Vanity.

BUT that the soul's not subject to decay,
 I almost should have ventured to say
 That men are altogether slight and vain,
 Those at the least that will not entertain
 Vertue, that is the anchorage to stay
 Our Vessels in the worlds turmoiled Sea.
 Such are the most of mortals ; here and there
 They're ever hulling, without Compass steere,
 Troubles in stead of treasures do they find,
 Lose their security, and gain the wind.
 'Tis so with men as if a child (whose brain
 Much drowie flegme and folly doth contain)
 Should take up Pebbles where rich Pearls lay by,
 Or stoop for strawes, and let pure Amber lye.
 Hence wiser judgments have been wont to throw
 Contempt at great'st affairs, and slighted so
 The world, as nothing were indeed therein
 Worthy their cares, although they more should win
 Then all those Kings did lose which *Cæsars* might
 And *Alexanders* terrour put to flight.
 That grave Philosopher that us'd to drain
 For the worlds follies his grief-wounded brain,

Shew'd it too much respect : but he whose light
 Humour laugh'd at it, did it much more right,
 Sith onely trifling objects fill its Scene,
 Matters of meer derision and disdain.
 Who can be so austere as not to shake
 His Spleen with laughter, when so many take
 Much pain to be ridiculous ? I've known
 Phantastiques with the fumes of folly blown
 To such an height, that they in their conceit
 (Though despicably poor) were Princely great,
 Grandees, Magnifico's ; who then would feign
 What royal equipage they would maintain,
 What counsels they would use, what lands they would
 With war infect, and what in friendship hold.
 Such, like our *Burbage* are, who when his part
 He acted, sent each passion to his heart ;
 Would languish in a scene of love : then look
 Pallid for fear ; but when revenge he took,
 Recall his blood ; when enemies were nigh,
 Grow big with wrath, and make his buttons fly.
 Or like they are to *Dionysius*, when
 (Expulsd from the government of men)
 He tutor'd boyes, which he for subjects took,
 And thought he sway'd a Scepter when he shook
 A rod, and that his Lectures well might be
 His wonted Laws and rules of policie.
 A great part of our little time we spend
 In airy phancies without aim or end,
 That like to Aromes in the Sun, do play
 In lighter brains. Th'illusions of the day
 Do swarm as busily as those of night,
 And waking, dream we in our cares despight,
 As if in mockage our conceptions were
 Form'd, that our folly wiser heads might jeer.
 How light and vain our cogitations are,
 Whole Reams of brain-sick stories may declare,

Figments and fopperies, which every age
Puts forth, and makes as publique as the Stage,
As it were not enough to be unwise,
Unless men did divulge their vanities.
Agrippa, that did write with eager strain
Gainst vanity of Arts, did write in vain
(After a sort) himself, as one too sure
That the worlds giddiness he nere could cure.
The greater part of books, although they pass
For currant works, are form'd (as *Venus* was)
Of froth, and therefore are for *Vulcan* fit
(As strangers to the nobler wayes of wit)
Deserving well the fire, for that more light
Then smoke they are, more noxious to the sight.
If those that forge the treasure of the brain
Into such Volumes as are lewd or vain,
Were but as sharply censured as those
That lend their arms to draw invasive foes
Into their Coasts, or spread maliciously
Infective mischiefs, whereof thousand dye,
What would become of Scriblers, such as dare
Pass through the mists of phansie, to declare
What depth of sense in every dream doth lye;
Or seem t' have read the book of destiny
By telling fortunes; or their papers stain
With scurrile jests and passages obscene?
Who write as *Aretine* did print, may well
Think to be Gold-finders i' th' pit of Hell,
Or turn'd to Harpyes, others to torment
And plague with nastiness and noisome sent.
So those that write like *Machiavel*, and be
Still walking in the mists of policy,
May look to be made Counsellors of State
To th' Prince of Shades, and for such honour wait.
Less danger is in rocks then in such writs;
Those sometimes split our ships, but these our wits

Daily corrupt, with phanſies vile and vain
 They fill the ſtoring veſſel of the brain,
 And though they promiſe fairly to the ſenſe,
 Yet never pay they for our times expence.
 He that with Tully did himſelf amuſe,
 To find how oft the Oratour did uſe
 One kind of cloſe; and wearied out his wit
 In noting whether Terence well did ſit
 His lines in meaſure, did he not almoſt
 Deſerve the ſhame due to the whipping poſt,
 For ſpending precious hours to underſtand
 Things cheap and fruitleſs as the high-way ſand?
 Thoſe Poets likewise that have plaid the Apes
 In! molding their conceits into the ſhapes
 Of globes, of eggs, of columns, hatchets, wings,
 Of altars, and of ſundry other things,
 Might on their Muſes have more pity rook,
 And ſav'd them from much torture (by the book.)
 Theſe are quaint vanities, juſt like ſome toys,
 Devis'd by Tailors to pleaſe girls and boyes.
 If in ſome humour with the ſtream I row,
 And write ſuch things, I will withal go plow
 The ſandy ſhore, and my compoſures carve
 In ſheets of ice, poor phanſies to preſerve.
 But what mean thoſe that make their hearts with care
 Like to *Promethæus* liver, hourly are
 Afflicting them with anxious penſiveness
 'Bout future matters? yea, will more then gueſs
 At blind events, and buſily deviſe
 A chain of things, like that of deſtinies,
 Linking together cauſes and effects,
 As their fore-caſting faculty projects:
 Great *Demogorgon*, that art ſaid to be
 The Ruler of cloſe-working deſtiny,
 Thou mayſt give up thy government, if ſo
 Mortals themſelves can order things below.

Beyond

Beyond the limits of their lives they send
Their vast desires, to sickle Fame commend
Their future states, and vainly promise thence
Some comfort to themselves, when void of sense.
To hazard lives or fortunes for a blast,
Or set (as 'twere) all welfare at a cast,
Is't not a folly, which enough deplore
We never can, nor cure with Hellebore ?
When vital light is quencht, could busie Fame
With all her blowing make our ashes flame,
And fetch our banisht vanish lives again,
There were some reason we should take some pain
To purchase Fame : but fith we all must lye
(Urg'd by an Adamantine destiny)
As heaps of ruines in our beds of clay ;
To vex our selves, or trouble Land or Sea,
That our self-pleasing actions may be rost
In vulgar mouths, when all our sense is lost
In fatal darkness, can at best but be
Brave-minded folly, splendid vanity.
'Tis as a wretch that's doom'd to lose his eyes
For some black mischief, should be so unwise
As to provide gay pictures for delight,
Against such time as he should lose his sight.
Old *Lumbrick* th' Usurer (whose fair and young
Wife to the chinking of his treasures sung,
When Coin came in and multiply'd apace)
Of late so courteous was as to give place
To Natures course, and in good earnest dy'd,
Binding by Testament his lovely Bride,
That she should never warm a genial bed
With other person, never more should wed :
And though he childless was (as never he
In ought was fruitful save in Usury,)
Yet if his harsh desire she disobey'd,
Straight must she of her wealth be dis-arraid,

And

And left as naked as our *Adamites*,
 When poorly they perform Religious Rites.
 Was not this Mammonist absurdly vain
 Aswell as cruel, that would thus restrain
 His wife from comforts, and for such restraint
 Flatter himself with hopes of sweet content,
 When rotting in the grave, the deadly hate
 Of hundreds, whom his rise did ruinat,
 Who belching out black storms of curses, meant
 To shipwrack his pale ghost, when hence it went ?
 Vertue (that ever keeps the Conscience clear,
 And the heart light) doth in her bosome bear
 A sweet compensative for all the pain
 Which for her sake her lovers do sustain :
 Yet all the courtship which to her we make,
 Is rather fram'd for some Spectatours sake,
 Then for her own desert ; thus vertuous we
 Are in relation, not reality.

So in our learning triflingly we go
 To work, and of much knowledg make a show,
 As we had sounded all the Sciences,
 When to sharp eyes our frothy shallowness
 Plainly appears ; who, till our eyes be hoar'd,
 Smatter in Languages that scarce afford
 A solid notion, childishly with shells
 Of things do play, and look for little else.
 Goddess of Arts and Arms, canst thou endure
 That sordid Clowns should laugh at Literature,
 For some mens faults, that pester it with wrongs,
 And crop the Lawrel that to it belongs ?
Pallas advance, and with the Gorgons head
 Convert such blocks to stones, or strike them dead
 With thy keen sauchion, that the Arts thereby
 May rise, and shine with wonted splendency.
 O how do airy phansies crush and shake
 Our mental pow'rs ! how deeply do we take

Light

Light shadowy things to heart ! as if no store
Of real grievances we had before.
Poor mortals need no troubles to create ,
Nor with self-caused earth-quakes shake the state
Of life : too fruitful Nature is in woe ;
Out of our essences do sorrows grow,
The very earth we bear about, doth yield
Such fruits, and is a never-failing field.
Yet when *Laviscia* in a tragique Scene
Beheld the beautiful *Adonis* slain,
(Whose blouds fresh drops on his unblemisht skin
Lookt as a Roses blushing leaves had bin
Strew'd on a silver statue) with a flood
Of tears she matcht the current of his bloud,
Pour'd out her brackish humours, as if she
Had been a Nymph of *Tethys* family :
Yet, that she might be happier then the fair
Venus, whose Courtship vanish into air,
The next day after (though anothers wife)
She plaid with him that acted death to life,
The Hunter she enjoy'd, and what he bare
To chear his hounds with, was her husbands share.
Moreover, sith our threds are quickly spun
By the great wheel of Heaven, our sands soon run;
So that before we well know why we came
Into the Coasts of light, we quit the same;
All our endeavors to this point should tend,
That our short time we fruitfully might spend :
Yet are we prodigal in its expence,
Whilest in the winding ways of complements
We visit, we salute, we entertain,
As our lives business did consist in vain
Addresses, or as time with age were grown
Slow, and requir'd more wastage then his own.
Just *Saturn*, thou that for our lives offence
Threatnest our Land with vengeful influence ,

E

When

When hast thou since thou didst a sickle bear,
 Seen falshood so in fashion as 'tis here
 'Mongst Gallants? who nere meet, but they profess
 More loves then *Cupid*, and more services
 Then slaves in *Turky*, when yet in their mind
 There's nothing of reality design'd,
 But from their hearts true friendship is as far
 As low-faln *Vulcan* from a fixed star.
 What pains they take to serve the vanities
 Of pride! how do they counterfeit, disguise,
 Endure stiff cold, and melting heat, that they
 May out-go others in the rising way
 Of high esteem, and with some Potentate
 Whom they admire themselves ingratiate!
 Thus as we see a light quick-moving flame
 On weighty bodies seise, and work the same
 To dissolution: so does vanity
 Lay hold on mans most solid faculty,
 Distracts his intellectuals, makes him start
 From wisdoms bent, from vertue steals his heart.
 Shew me the man that in the puzling throng
 Of businesses, will not engage among
 Some obvious vanities, and neither play
 The Ape nor child with fondlings in his way;
 And Fame shall crown his merits, that he shall
 Live to behold the worlds great Funeral.

S A T.

SATYRE VIII.

Against Discord.

Surely wild Discord, which long since was found
In lightless Hell, where bloody fillets bound
Her snaky tresses up, did burst of late
Her chains, and threats our Realm to ruinate,
And make our sometime happy Isle to be
Like her Low-Country in some near degree.
Will drownsie Chaos (startled with th' affright
Of clamorous broils) lift from the deeps of night
His vap'rous head, and from his shaken tress
Fling through the world confusive darkneses,
That we shall nere know vertue more, nor see
The friendly smiles of calm tranquillity?
It cannot be conceiv'd but that the state
O' th' Universe ere long will terminate,
So many parts thereof are wrenched and torn
By furious strife, or by confusion born
On heaps so, that small hopes we have to see
Things in right form and sound integrity.
Much woe distracts us, yet the dismal stage
Of Heaven doth more calamities presage,
The dire aspects of Planets seem to twit
Our lewd sedition, sharply point at it,
And (as our manners are enormous) threat
To make our plagues prodigiously great.
Saturn and *Mars*, malignly posited
In wrathful *Leo*, give us cause to dread
That for our canker'd spight and cruel rage,
Whereby we have been hurry'd on t' engage
Our selves in mischiefs, this weak Realm of ours
(That erst too highly vaunted of its pow'rs

And fortunes) will ere long be brought more low,
 And mourn i' th' ashes of an overthrow,
 So great, that Poets will be taxt with lyes,
 That shall compile this Ages Tragedies.
 The Moon too (owing a disastrous sight
 To mortals) clips her brothers golden light,
 Flings rust upon his beauties; and from all
 Our Coasts averts his force vivifical,
 Whilest night incroches on the day, and peeps
 To see what order troubled Nature keeps.
 Great Gallant of the sky, rich-metall'd Sun,
 Brave issue of sublime *Hyperion*,
 Well mayst thou, that art regular and bright,
 At mortals frown, that are disorder'd quite
 In all their motions, and do onely ply
 The works of darkness and impurity.
 Our faults, O *Phæbus*, are not small, though thou
 Didst lately wink thereat; yet not t' allow
 Their perpetration; no, thou didst but so
 A great abhorrence, no connivence, show,
 And wert abasht to see these wretched times
 Ore-flow with foul and execrable crimes,
 That seem a bloody tincture to reflect
 Upon thy beams, as they would Heaven infect.
 You proud earth-awing Potentates, that from
 Indignant eyes dart lightning where you come,
 And when your browes are once beclouded, make
 Whole Kingdomes at your voices thunder quake,
 Look to your envied altitudes; ere long
 Some fury-winged storms will try how strong
 Your forces are; and cause you have to doubt
 That some tempestuous terrours are about
 To shake your strengths, when at your height the stars
 Thus point, and threaten to turn Levellers.
 Sweet concord, that (as firmest ligament
 Of all societies) in joint consent

Did sometimes knit our hearts, is banisht far,
And onely now the bloody track of war
Do thousands follow, and in acts of spight
And spoilful violence so much delight,
That neither mountains, bogs, nor seas can bar
Them from pursuance of the deadliest war,
Though never so unjust; but on they will,
As if they never blood enough could spill,
Or as their spirits were with others breath
Refreshr, that issued from the gates of death.
Mischiefs (like Mathematique bodies) rise
Sometimes from meer points to a mighty size,
Taking increase of magnitude from all
Occurrences that in their way befall;
Fair speeches for meer mockeries are took,
And for a bold affront a manly look,
Whispers for plots; thus apt to draw offence
From every object is malevolence.
A spark of discord, when inflam'd among
Seditious heads, doth seem to run along
The ground, and quickly doth it self dilate
Ore a large Region, all to ruinate.
Wicked contention, that did once enrage
All *Greece* and *Asia*, moving them t' engage
In fight about one apple, that among
Three Goddesses was on Mount *Ida* flung,
Has not forgot her old invenom'd spight,
But to embroil whole Kingdomes doth delight,
And never was more apt then now adayes,
Great mischiefs from small principles to raise.
That which should as a sober curb restrain
Impetuous motions, serves now as a main
Incentive to our quarrellings, who fly
At one anothers throats religiously.
Turpine, that had long since on wine and whores
Spent all, and in good earnest out of doors

Had fool'd himself, but afterwards did go
 To wars, and patcht up his torn fortunes so ;
 Meeting with *Crash* (who likewise had a mass
 Of wealth consum'd, and discontented was)
 Did thus bespeak him : ' Friend, why walk you so
 ' With arms acrofs, as if you meant to show
 ' The world your sorrows, that too little cares
 ' How ill a man of worth and merit fares ;
 ' When last I saw you, you were fresh as *May*,
 ' Acquainted with no symptome of decay,
 ' Though now you seem like a deflourish'd tree,
 ' That wants the airs or earths benignity,
 ' But Ile transplant you bravely, if you'l come
 ' Along, and follow our auspicious Drum,
 ' Bear warlike arms, and try the dusty field
 ' Of *Mars*, to see what Harvest it will yield.
 ' Ile work so on you as *Medea's Art*
 ' On *Aeson* did, refresh your wither'd heart,
 ' And by infusions vigorous and strong
 ' Recall your flourish, make you seem more young.
Crash smil'd hereat, and was so mannerly
 As to return him thanks ; but yet, said he,
 ' I never could affect your flashing trade,
 ' To stand at th' mercy of anothers blade,
 ' Or make my self a mark for every shot ;
 ' The desp'rate look of danger like I not.
 ' Nay, said the other, you shall those command
 ' That will in roughest wayes of danger stand,
 ' And shelter you, who shall be still secure,
 ' Whilest they the shocks of bloody broils endure ;
 ' Their dangerous exploits shall win you praise,
 ' They still shall bear the brunt, but you the Bayes.
 ' Since first I warlike weapons took in hand,
 ' And was thought worthy others to command,
 ' Ever when any hazardous attempt
 ' Was urg'd, my wisdom did my self exempt

' From

' From danger, but thrust others on apace,
 ' Whose lives, compar'd with mine, were cheap & base.
 ' He that rules others, and neglects to save
 ' Himself, may quickly send a fool to grave.
 Like to a boy that fain would break into
 An Orchard, where eye-pleasing apples grow,
 But fears a mastiff or some other bug,
 Did *Crash* now stand, began to smack and shrug,
 And fram'd this answer : ' I should promptly go
 ' To stop the torrent of a forrain foe,
 ' That came with dire destructive purposes,
 ' As did the *Danes* most high in outrages :
 ' But somewhat in my soul (perhaps they call
 ' It Conscience) would not suffer me at all
 ' Those to offend whom I am bound to love,
 ' Or once an hand against their safety move.
 ' Justice and Charity are frighted far,
 ' Or deadly wounded, in a wrongful war.
 ' Nay, if you'l preach, said *Turpine*, you shall have
 ' A Tub to talk in : but you rather rave,
 ' Then speak what doth a man of worth besir,
 ' That knows the sharper points of war and wit.
 ' What though we fight not against Forrainers ?
 ' We fight 'gainst those that with tempestuous wars
 ' Would wrack our State, we come within the Lists
 ' 'Gainst those that are profess'd Antagonists
 ' To our designs, 'gainst those that do deny
 ' Our rules, nor with our courses will comply,
 ' Those that old sottish fashions will retain,
 ' And scorn all new productions of the brain,
 ' Though nere so happy, and though nere so well
 ' Approv'd by those in judgment that excel.
 ' What if the conscience be a little strain'd,
 ' When some great benefit may thence be gain'd ?
 ' The fault is venial. Seldome do we see
 ' More folly then in scrup'ulous nicety,

Time's out of Tune.

‘ Nor of sound senses such a man we hold,
‘ As welcomes not so dear a guest as gold
‘ On any terms. The chink of treasure will
‘ The grumblings of the conscience quickly still,
‘ And cause sad thoughts to vanish, as some say
‘ The Fiends at sound of Musick fly away.
‘ Though your pay haply may sometime be slack,
‘ The sinews yet of war you shall not lack,
‘ Moneys I mean. The *Hobbinols* shall bring
‘ Coin, Corn, and Cattel, every needful thing ;
‘ Their very wives and daughters shall be free
‘ To us, that hold a kind community ;
‘ Wee’l spoil their usury, and make them more
‘ Free from foul gluttony then heretofore ;
‘ Wee’l keep them tame within the slender pale
‘ Of diet, whilest we quaff their strongest ale ;
‘ Wee’l teach them sounder rules of life, and they
‘ For our instructive pains shall soundly pay ;
‘ Wee’l bear Religion into them (unclean
‘ Beasts that they are) and they shall entertain
‘ Us as their Masters, shall endure our yokes
‘ Though heavy, and indear our very strokes.
These words the Make-shift stirr’d (as winds do move
A Frigot) swell’d his hopes, and forwards drove
Him to the wars, where quickly he became
(For his long sword, his feather, and his fame)
A man of special note, in boldest sort
Broke houses, robb’d, and forged Warrants for’t,
Whor’d (as blind *Cupid* shoots) he car’d not where,
A dozen desperate Gamesters would out-swear,
Brag like a *Span’ish* Don, drink as he had
A sand-pit in his bowels, or were mad
With a dry Calenture : yet now and then
He would consort with grave Religious men,
Speak Scripture purely, seem all sin t’ abhor,
Look as he were some fiery Meteor

Of flashing zeal, much sanctity profess;
And thus he thought to blanch his wickedness,
Expunge his guilt, and plainly warrantize
His lawless pranks and lewder villanies.
O the corruption of these times ! that breeds
Such noisome vermine, such unblest weeds,
That for the black banks of the *Stygian* pit,
Rather than Regions of the light, are fit.
Brute creatures find more reason to agree
Than men, and less do break society ;
The Woods can witness that nor Wolves, nor Bears,
Lions, nor any such wild Forresters,
Do ever march in bands to bloody wars
Amongst themselves, or fall to furious jars,
Much less by thousands in tumultuous fights
Kill their own kind, or force them from their rights ;
But men (as if they shut the raging fire
Of Hell within their bowels) burn with ire
Each against other, snatch up clashing arms
(The direful instruments of deadly harms)
To work revenge withal, conspire with fate
T' unpeople Kingdomes, slay, burn, ruinate,
Men, houses, temples, trample fields to dirt,
And at sad mischiefs make triumphal sport.
Besides, we see that savage beasts before
They Passengers assail, grunt, bark, or roar,
Or other warning give ; so here and there
The winds do bustle, ere they trees up tear ;
And angry fouds do foamy faces show,
Before the beaten banks they over-flow :
But men (as false as fierce) not seldome will
I' th' very closure of embraces kill,
In a deep calmness rocks and quick-sands hide,
The rugged'st mischiefs, where the brow is void
Of threatful wrinkles ; seldome shall you know,
Before you feel his hatred, who's your foe.

Proud lump of lewdness, man, that so dost swell
 As if thou didst transcendently excel
 All sublunary things, or didst comprise
 Their ornaments and nobler qualities;
 Thy follies do thy phantasies contradict,
 Thy lawless courses thy conceits evict
 In plainest manner; and thou mayst a new
 Account begin, the old one proves untrue.

SATYRE IX.

Against Weakness.

WHat means *Verruco* at such rates to boast?
 Shall a meer *Ignis fatuus* rule the roast?
 He talks as if he were with strength endu'd
 Able to challenge a whole multitude,
 Or had the happy power to impose a Law
 On his affections, and their forces awe,
 Whereas the ablest men ('mongst whom (alas)
 This Braggart for a Pigmy scarce may pass)
 Find themselves very weaklings, wounded by
 Their passions oft, and bleeding inwardly.
 The vap'rous Clouds are not more often chac'd
 By puffing winds, that move with winged haste,
 Than humane bodies are ore-master'd by
 The forces of their own infirmity.
 One with the Gout is fetter'd fast and lam'd,
 Another with the Gonorrhæa tam'd,
 A third is with an heavy Spleen oppress'd,
 Another pants with an Asthmatick breast,
 This man's scorcht with a Fever, and that grones
 Feeling an aguish earth-quake in his bones,

This

This with a Drop sic's drown'd, whilst that is sore
Rackt with the Cramp, that hath his sinews tore.
We language want all Languors to express,
That sink our frail Barks with much heaviness;
Yet the most of those maladies do we
Owe to a course of lust or gluttonie,
Or other vices; that we now are grown
So feeble and short-liv'd, the fault's our own,
Not Natures, which in friendly sort bestowes
Her favours still, and wonted bounty shewes.
But the minds weaknesse give strength unto
Our miseries, and all our States undo,
They make our better parts the worse, and throw
Thorns in our wayes, where flowers well might grow.
Wisdom would have us (like a Corps-du-gard)
Ever to stand 'gainst enemies prepar'd,
And though false vice in nere so brave a dresse
Present her self, like some fair Sorceress,
Her golden proffers stoutly to repel,
And send her (whence she came) to deepest Hell:
But we are soft as oil, and weak as air,
That yields to every motion; we can bear
No pressing exigent, but either lye
Like *Issachar* his As, or droop and dye.
He that could bear a Bull, had not a back
More stiff and strong, then we are faint and slack
In spirit, yielding to each injury
Of Fortune, with as blind facility.
If (as we boast) our pedigree we draw
From *Trojans*, whom no terrours ere could awe,
We are a brood degenerate and base,
That suffer each misfortune to out-face
Our courages, and send us on our way
Puling, like Boyes disturbed in their play.
Rather like sowre unkindly grapes we weep
Under each pressure, and neglect to keep

Such a fit tenour and fair evenness,
 As is requir'd in persons that profess
 A love to vertue, which in Symmetry
 Consists, and keeps all forms of decency.
 Surely to one with store of wisdom fraught
 No great afflictive thing it could be thought,
 That *Hodget* from his old accustom'd air,
 Was forc'd to another Mansion to repair,
 Whereto the Clown (as purke as he was)
 In half a Summers day on foot might pass.
 He knew he could not want entreasur'd gold,
 Nor home-brought fatlings from the Shepherds fold,
 Nor barrels of strong Ale, nor tubs of Beef,
 Nor any such good rustical relief:
 Yet the fond weakling suffer'd grief to lay
 Load on his heart, when he did part away
 From his warm seat; like a poor babe he cry'd
 Pluckt from the dug, and shortly after dy'd.
 O what a brave man this had been to have gone
 Upon an embassie to *Prestor John*!
 How rarely fit to have been employ'd about
 The finding of the North-west passage out!
 Rather how unfit for great services
 Are all such persons? whose weak tenderness
 Will not such change endure, but (like some trees)
 Transplanted, lose their hopefullst qualities.
 Who to one station are affected thus
 (As if affixed like *Prometheus*)
 May thank their folly for much discontent,
 Sith nothing in this world is permanent.
 Poor dreaming fools! they phantasie that they can
 Slumber the waves of this worlds Ocean,
 And charm all troubles, that they may at ease
 Pass to what point of happiness they please:
 But when they find the couzenage of conceit,
 Themselves raise tempests, or contribute great

Winds

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Winds to a little storm, while sighs they vent
In Volleys for some lighter accident.
Crispus, that plods on in his formal way,
That eats and drinks by method every day,
Points his mustaches with one single hair,
And washes after meals with cleanly care,
Looks like a Lady sitting to be limm'd,
And speaks as comptly as his head is trimm'd ;
When once he comes among the common rout,
Is fain to traverse and to tack about
With such deformity, as makes him be
Ridiculous to all his company ;
Troubled whereat, he (angry) goes anon
Home like a Wasp, that came forth like a Drone.
What thing in man can seem unmanlyer,
Then in his carriage to be singular ?
Or what more weak then not to dare to take
Such wayes, as others common rodes do make ?
Especially when nothing lyes therein
For vertue t' stumble at, no rub of sin.
The force of vertue did sometime appear
In sharp reproofs of those we did indear,
When men did boldly (as by verbal war)
Oppose their friends that were irregular,
And by close Monitory charges sought
To have their erring lives int' order brought :
But who now if his friend do chance to prove
Lewdly exorbitant, will shew his love
By casting (as it were) in's harmful way
Rough reprehensions his career to stay,
And to divert him to the happier path
Of vertue, that no ground of danger hath ?
That sweet Psalmographer and warlike King,
Whose acts of honour were past equalling,
A wholesome reprehension took to be
Like Balm upon the head of Majesty :

But as this precious unguent of the East
 Is either quite lost, or impair'd at least,
 So is the friendly office of reproof
 (Which to good natures is of great behoof)
 Turn'd out of service, out of fashion grown,
 Like garments which our Ancestors did own.
 Men are of vile ill-fashion'd courtesie
 So full, as rather to keep company
 With lewdest Ruffians, then to strive to stay
 Their sliding steps in a declining way,
 Rather then chide them from their vices, and
 Cause them their down-hill danger t' understand.
 Nor will men suffer it; the skin of vice
 So tender seems, that they are very nice
 To have it toucht. I did but lately tell
 A thrifless Kinsman that he did not well
 To stumble in the night so oft upon
 The youngsters crime, call'd fornication,
 That he would work his ruine by his play,
 And by carouzing drink his health away;
 I did but mildly thus admonish him,
 When straight he lookt with countenance as grim
 As *Savage* ready to have kill'd our Queen,
 Or *Faux* when in the fatal cavern seen;
 The man grew strangely brutish, quite destroy'd
 All force of kindred, and of love beside,
 And no less hatred unto me did show,
 Then unto Parricides did *Romans* owe.
 How dear do men destructive vices hold!
 Looking with hatred on their friends that would
 Deter them from the same, and to that end
 Their tongues artillery upon them spend.
 Men of infected manners rather should
 Value such friends above their weight in gold,
 Indear their warnings, and in treasuries
 Of grateful minds repose such courtesies;

No less then if they had with friendly cares
Rescu'd their lives from the *Gemonian* stairs,
Or the *Tarpeian* rock, when most they were
Agast with terrour, deepest in despair.
Our weakness here looks wretchedly ; and he
That slights these goodly fruits of amity,
And so (not brooking of well-aiming tongues
The wholesome hits) his sickly manners wrongs,
May well be noted for the apparent heir
Of folly, and her Coat may justly bear.
What else may those that seek with busie quest
For Knowledg, yet on others judgments rest,
Seldome bestir their faculties to shake
This or that point, but all on trust do take,
Ranging through Authors, as beasts through a Wood ?
Which when they think they once have understood,
Their work is done, great things they have achiev'd,
And as *Apollo's* sons must be believ'd ?
Learning is like a tree (infixt in ground
So far, that none the depth of it have found)
The softer leaves whereof most wits do seem
T' affect, but little do its pith esteem,
Admire its beauty, but no farther go,
Nor strive its inward excellence to know.
Opinions, when they vulgarly are tost,
Seem like rude streams disdaining to be crost ;
They pass unquestion'd, none dares go about
To censure them, or of their truth to doubt,
Though falsely they inform us : those that said
This earthly Globe was not inhabited
Near the worlds hinges, and the torrid Zone,
Did gain belief, till Navigation
Shew'd their mistakes : so whatsoere a fair
Semblance and face of likelihood doth bear,
Doth pass for verity without controll,
Though it involve an error nere so foul,

Man that of causes and effects pretends
 To frame a subtile chain, whose utmost ends
 Touch the worlds Centre and circumference ;
 He that with Opticks of intelligence
 May clearly see, goes blindly yet by guess,
 Grounds his conceits on meer apparences,
 And rather then he will by weighing learn
 The truth of things, the Scales will over-turn.
 Thus we forgo our privilege, devest
 (That which becomes mans eminency best)
 The spirits liberty ; thus we degrade
 Our natures, and a mockery are made
 To nobler wits, that dare Philosophize
 More freely, and maintain their dignities.
 Longer then *Virgil* was about the frame
 Of his grand Poem, accented by Fame,
 Did *Bibliack* lead an Academick life,
 Weary'd old Authours with a plodding strife,
 Hammer'd his brain-pan, spent as many lights
 As those that solemniz'd *Minerva's* rites
 With kindled brands ; yet by his watchful pains
 All that he purchas'd, th' upshot of his gains
 Was, when he did with Countrey Ladies dine,
 To pour out *Greek* and *Latine* with their wine,
 To tell them (who his meaning took by guess)
 What Knowledge *Aristotle* did profess,
 What causes of the thunder, hail, and wind,
 Earth-quakes, and other Meteors, he assign'd,
 And to maintain discourse with many more
 Raw fruits of study, fetcht from others store.
 Nothing would he examine save how much
 The Flagon did contain ; did nothing touch
 That relished of wit, nor ought produce
 That serv'd or moral ends, or civil use.
 Was not this time spent vainly, that brought forth
 Nothing but froth, nothing of solid worth,

Nothing

Nothing but dull opinions, that require
 (To clear their darksome doubts) *Apollo's* fire ?
 As weakly do our sons of *Levi* go
 To work, who 'mongst poor *Laicks* do bestow
 Their breath in quarrelling with *Bellarmino*,
Campion, and others, that with many a line
 Labour'd to draw us to the *Romish* side ;
 Such Preachers shoot their wooden bolts as wide,
 As he that thought to teach an Oyster-wife
 T' make Verses, by expressing to the life
 What *Sappho* was, and from her sugred pen
 What lines distill'd, admir'd by learned men.
 What gain the Vulgar by th' Popes Vicarage
 So often preach'd down, or *Romes* priviledg ?
 Let those that study not exotick tongues,
 Nor puz ling terms, hear onely what belongs
 To the souls safety : what is more then that
 Goes in my reckoning but for fruitless chat.

SATYRE X.

Against falshood in Friendship.

WHether in wild *Arabian* woods there be
 A *Phoenix* found by true discovery,
 Gryffons or Unicorns elsewhere, I may
 With others doubt : but I doubt not to say,
 That scarcely now can in our Coast be found
 (A tamer thing) a friend entirely sound,
 Such as whereof wise Moralists relate
 Wonders of love, for all to imitate.
 In times of peace our vices seem'd to lye
 In a dull slumber of security,

Less active were, and did (though to their pain)
 Their poisonous rancour to themselves retain:
 But the wars thunder caused them to start
 Inr' a wild fury, fly int' every part
 Of this full Coast, like Harpyes to the prey,
 Shew without blushing to the view of day
 Their black deformities, and still profess
 All rude miscarriage, rank licentiousness.
 All that was good and laudable was sent
 Bleeding away, and suffers banishment,
 Or like an half-devoured prey doth lye
 I' th' mouth of bloody-toothed tyranny.
 But nothing (in this reign of vice) hath more
 Suffer'd then friendship, all her bands are tore
 By impious hands, her solemn rites despis'd,
 And with fair smiles foul purposes disguis'd.
 Talk not to me of friends; I know not where
 Any such Angels move; they do appear
 Rarely on earth as Comets in the sky:
 Some may perchance affect my company,
 And (if I could like *Nestor* speak) would be
 Delighted with my vocal melody:
 But if a cross befall me, they'l be gone,
 And shun me as I breath'd infection
 Like to the Basilisk; they'l sneak away
 Forthwith, like Fiddlers when they have their pay.
 I felt no inward blowes for any crimes
 That punishable are i' th' cruell'st times,
 Nor needed I stern *Rhadamanth* to fear,
 Nor *Draco's* Laws, my Conscience was so clear;
 No treason in my breast was harboured,
 Nor had I whor'd, or robb'd, or murdered,
 Or for weak souls set snares of heresie;
 Yet was (not long since) barr'd my liberty,
 And like a bird did fare, that had forgot
 In the dull sullen cage her pleasant note;

Mean

Mean while I shamed not my friends, yet they
(As I had been some hopeles cast-away,
Or as my Prison had a Pest-house bin)
Kept off aloof, nor scarce would come within
My prospect, punishing me more thereby
Then all the wrongs of rude hostility,
At the heart-root unkindness seems to smite,
And wounds more deadly then the canker'd spight
Of cruel foes, sith it so deeply dyes
Falshood, and in-bred rottenness implies,
Frustrates the expectation, breaks the stay
Of trust, and sends disheartned hope away.
Like to a Prop that should an house sustain,
But fails the Fabrick that thereon doth lean,
And makes it do rude homage to the ground,
Is common friendship, faithles and unsound,
Apt in each urgency of fate to start
From truth, and shew a falshood-hiding heart.
I sometime took fly *Gulmer* for my friend,
Who did the motions of my life attend,
And sought my love as mov'd by sympathy,
Seeming affixt to my society
As strictly as *Ulysses* to his mast,
Into my bosome all his cares he cast,
And shew'd me (as his breast were ChrySTALLINE)
The close recesses of his deep'st design,
Fed me with such discourse as I did like,
And on the string of friendship still did strike:
Yet in a rusting whinzy did he quite
Shatter the instrument of my delight,
And (for a small summe which he should have paid)
All his professed love aside was laid,
Sooner then tepid water in a frost
Will turn to ice, his amity was lost;
Back went he like a Bear, and me at stake
Left, to discharge what he did undertake.

Rude Spoilful Avarice ! thou in an hour
 The sweet delights of friendship dost devour,
 With an Hell-heated vapour dost thou blast
 The flower of love, lay'st all its beauties waste,
 And (rending with sharp claws thy way to gold)
 Dost make the hands of concord lose their hold.
 Those mazy Vaults in *Creet* and *Egypt* too
 (Rare proofs of what inventive art can do)
 Were not so intricate, so angular,
 So full of windings, as mens bosomes are,
 Though nere so zealously they do profess
 Friendship, and boast of candid openness.
 Some Humorists, like *Saturn* in the sky,
 Look upon all with crabb'd austerity,
 And in their breasts a poisonous rancour bear,
 That makes them hate whom most they should indear,
 And the more that they courted are, the less
 Of love and civil kindness to express.
 Others with kindneses will bait awhile
 Their hooks, till they have caught you with a wile ;
 But then (as *Apes* learn tricks) you are with pain
 Taught wit, not easily to trust again.
 Others again are sordid, and will be
 At no charge of a real courtesie,
 But feed you with fine language, soft as oil
 Distil their words, and every word a wile,
 Utter'd like *Sinons* at the Siege of *Troy*,
 To smoothe the wayes of wickedness thereby.
 That friendship's rare that is not measur'd by
 The drawing line of self-commodity,
 Nor sells a kindness (as we use to say)
 By a false light, nor doth a trust betray,
 But really is what it doth profess,
 And carries love along with faithfulness.
 Needs must that man break friendship off with shame,
 Who upon casual profit grounds the same :

It is a building on a bog to raise,
 That unto greedy fate the work betrays ;
 It is a bundle with a straw to bind,
 That (quickly breaking) to the careless wind
 Commits its charge ; it is in dust to lay
 A jewel brighter then the eye of day ;
 And to expose the sweetneses of life
 To the harsh wrongs of falsity and strife.
 The gifts of Fortune by her slippery wheel
 Are rul'd, and do like revolutions feel,
 Suffer like changes : therefore he whose love
 At riches looks, must needs inconstant prove,
 And as anothers wealth doth ebb or flow,
 So must by fits his Feverous friendship go.
 What choice of friends had *Harpan*, when he was
 In league with *Fortune*, and did others pass
 In her blind favours ! many then were glad
 To his proud store of riches more to add,
 Ply'd him with Presents, as they meant his State
 To an excessive height to elevate,
 Just as the Giants hills on hills did pile :
 But when the Souldiers (bent to sack and spoil)
 His lands had shar'd, and treasures had dispers'd,
 All kindness on a sudden was revers'd,
 Those that had lately fawn'd on him, began
 To look askaunce, and boggle at the man,
 None car'd for to recruit him, but he might,
 Like a fala Meteor, vanish out of sight.
 Vertue (though lovelier then the lightful dayes
 Beautie, when smiling with Meridian rays)
 Is seldome lookt at in the choice of friends,
 But rather sordid and sinister ends,
 Whilst we turmoil our spirits to acquire
 Base gains, to scwel an inflam'd desire.
Merquis did otherwise, (as fools will run
 In' one extreme, whilst they another shun,)

He languish for the love of such a Lass,
 As nor well-monyed, nor well-manner'd was,
 Nor yet of good extraction (though that she
 Drew gold out of his pockets dextrously ;)
 But being fair, and full of pleasant char,
 And free in the delights of you know what,
 She his affections strangely did enchain,
 And a close amity they did maintain,
 Till age into their veins a chilling dart
 Had shot ; but then asunder soon did start
 Their pleasure-fastned friendship, like a Snake
 Sever'd in twain, when either part doth take
 A several way ; when once the slippery ends
 Of lust did fail, they were no longer friends.
 Friendships that are like *Sampsons* Foxes ty'd
 Together, as they basely are apply'd,
 So when the smoky brand of lust is spent,
 They forthwith fail with like extinguishment.
 Gross sensual pleasure's like a sudden flow
 Of muddy water, that doth soon forgo
 The chanel ; 'tis a trust betraying thing,
 That ever mocks our hopes in promising
 More then it gives, and ere we well enjoy
 Our poor acquits, begets satiety.
 Needs must that love then play at fast and loose,
 That is contracted by so slack a noose
 As pleasure draws, nor will it ever be
 Grac'd with the crown of friendship, constancy.
 Yet those that entertain mens phantasies
 With rude insipid jests and flatteries,
Buffons and *Parasites*, are in request
 Far more then faithful hearts, that do their best
 By the sweet force of good advice to draw
 Others from vices lure to virtues law.
 Licentious our-laws are (as *Sylvane* Bears)
 Savage, intractable, obstruct their ears

'Gainst

'Gainst sober counsels, kick with much disdain
 At those that would their wickedness restrain,
 And (like the *Gad'rens* Swine) with Hellish haste
 Themselves down-right to deep destruction cast.
 If they will needs be ruin'd, let them run (shun;
 On swallowing quick-sands, which they well might
 At least upon bare rocks of penury
 Their fortunes split, and dye contemptibly.
 Nor blood, nor sworn allegiance serve for bands
 Of force to knit mens hearts, or hold their hands
 From wrongs and mischiefs. 'Twill not be forgot
 (While there's an *English* Islander or *Scot*)
 How in our late broils, most unnatural,
 Brother on brother furiously did fall,
 And Sire and Son ingloriously oppose
 Each other, dealing ill-directed blowes.
 Friends were no longer friends then hous'd they were,
 When once in field, did angry foes appear ;
 As arms went on was amity thrown off,
 At terms of peace did the lewd Rabble scoff,
 Broke off all social leagues, each ligament
 Of love with bloody hands asunder rent,
 Whilst angry blowes and terms of insolence
 For thefts and rapes were all their recompence.
 Nature, astonisht, might have said ; ' O God,
 ' That sometimes shak'st a sharp revengeful rod !
 ' How hold'st thou now thy high inflamed hand,
 ' And with dire Engine shiver'st not a land
 ' T' insulphured dust, that seemeth to defie
 ' The terrors of thy great Artillery ;
 ' Slightes equally thy judgments and commands,
 ' Ready 'gainst Heaven to lift Gigantick hands,
 ' And scale th' *Olympian* tow'rs ? O thou that hast
 ' Set bounds to all things not to be displac'd,
 ' And harmoniz'd by Laws this Mundane State !
 ' Why suffer'st thou vile worms to violate

Thy sanctions, and disperse more poisons than
 An hundred *Hydra's*, or swoln *Pythons* can,
 Causing fair vertue t' hide her head like *Nile*,
 Lest Hellish steams her beauries should defile ;
 Of such a feign'd complaint as this the cause
 Is yet too real, when the sacred Lawes
 Of God and Nature (broken as they were)
 Are cast aside, neglected every where,
 Whilst wretched Malecontents with angry jars
 Dis-tune their lives, and blow the coles of wars.
 Cease, Moralists, of perfect amity
 To treat, whereby two souls confusedly
 United are, like flowing waters, met ;
 The vulgar friendship (scarce the counterfeite
 Of such communion) never was more rare,
 At such strange distance mens affections are.
 Th' *Ictneumon* and the *Asp* from angry eyes
 Dart not more death, nor are worse enemies
 Then brothers are to brothers now and then,
 Most deadly-hating, mischief-acting men,
 Nor will the world be ere at better pass,
 When Princes (on whose lives, as in a glass,
 Inferiours look, and steer their course thereby)
 Though in degree of kindred nere so nigh,
 For trifles yet do Kingdomes oft engage,
 And sacrifice whole Nations to their rage.
 Thus do poor subjects fall by heaps, because
 Ambitious Sovereigns climb above the Lawes
 Of Government ; thus upon those that be
 Of lowest state lights mischief heavily.
 Great persons, having raised storms, make sure
 Of shelter ; but the poor all blasts endure.

S A T Y R E XI.

Against Gluttony.

Who's this that like a walking Tun appears,
That such a mass of flesh about him bears,
And puffs as if the air would scarce suffice
To cool him? O! I know him by his size;
'Tis *Olbiogaster*, that stout Trencher-Knight,
Who by full meals doth measure all delight,
And spends almost as much in sacrifice
To his vast belly, as did *Tell* suffice,
That hungry Idol. This is he whose great
Stomach (though not to fight) maintains an heat
Like that of *Vulcan's* forge; and if that men
Be Microcosmes, this Gluttons maw is then
His torrid Zone. It is a Scene of sport
To see how he preludes in eager sort
To every meal, how he his eyes doth fix
Upon each dish, and how his lips he licks,
And smacks, and shrugs: but when he once doth fall
Aboard, then laugh and look about you all
My friends, then Pork and powder'd Beef beware,
Mutton, Veal, Capon, and all daintier fare,
Weep your own sawces, sith much woe doth wait
Upon you, and your punishment is great,
To be thrown down not into *Tiber*, but
A gulf as deep, and in dark prison shut.
This Sensualist (as Gluttony, though dull
For the most part, is of inventions full)
Would not accept things in their Primitive
Condition, as free Nature did them give,
But quaintly did compound them, that they might
Into the Gullet melt with more delight.

His

His liquorish humour prompted him t' invent
 (So much did cost his palates blandishment)
 Quaint candyings, and preservings, to devise
 To make Suckets, Marmalets, and Quidnies,
 Gellyes, Conservees, Leach, Marchpans, Coolisses,
 Syrups, and many such Compounds as these.
 Nor staid he here, but by God *Vulcans* aid
 Of spices, wines and flowers, distilled, made
 Incentive liquors, by whose help he might
 Sooner concoct the bairs o'th' appetite;
 Liquors, that (like false *Cupids* shafts) inspire
 The veins with pleasing, but pernicious fire.
 For to their charge do men their stomachs cheat
 By such confections, whose excessive heat
 Preys on the oily aliment of life,
 And sets their principles at eager strife.
 It is a mild benigner temperature
 Of heat, that to the body doth procure
 Health and longevity. As near to air
 As fire our spirits of alliance are,
 (Those subtile instruments of life I mean,
 Which Nature doth with purest bloud maintain:)
 To turn these therefore meerly to a flame,
 Is to dis-tune the most harmonious frame,
 And to betray a life to the surprize
 Of the severe dead-handed destinies.
 But what cares *Gulch* the Alderman for this?
 Will he for future life lose present bliss?
 Abridg his meals, abate his costly chear?
 Or draughts of Wine or Usquebath forbear?
 No, for meer empty words he matters not;
A short life and a merry is his Mot;
 He's wedded unto pleasure so, as nere
 To be divorc'd, but hold it ever dear.
 Yet his delight deludes him still, who stuffs
 His gorge all day, and swells, and sweats, and puffs;

But

But then at night doth belch, spew, snort, and cost
His limbs, as if his life were at a loss,
Or lothsome fumes were ready forth to drive
His soul, as Bees are banisht from their Hive.
Look how his teeth are blackned ! how his eyes
Blear'd and suffus'd in quest of novelties !
How both his feet and hands to th' peace are bound
With knotty Gouts ! How with the Drop sic drown'd
Some other parts are ! and all (ill at ease)
Untowardly perform their offices.
Like a great Globe of earth and water plac'd
Upon a frame, sits he in's chair, to taste
The choicest liquors, and the cud to chew,
But nothing fair or laudable to do.
As for his brain, an Anvile that is hit
And hammer'd still, is not more dull then it :
His apprehensive facultie's as slow
As a tir'd beast, and so to work doth go :
His memory is ever wont to play
At fast and loose, and dearest trusts betray ;
Then such a judgment does he pass on things,
As sometime was that foolish *Phrygian* Kings,
Who *Pans* rude Pipe preferred to the Lyre
Of *Phæbus*, Master of the Muses quire.
These are thy fatal fruits, damn'd Gluttony !
Foul lothsome sty of all impurity !
Deep gulf of greatest fortunes ! that dost draw
Whole Kingdomes into thy distended jaw ;
Black mud of Hell ! that art so apt to boil
Up to the stomach, and all parts defile ;
What thundering force of eloquence can throw
Thee down so deep, as thou deserv'st to go ?
That eat'st into this age as rust doth waste
Iron, and wilt consume it (sure) at last.
That Northern beast, the Oulon, said to be
A creature of a wild rapacity,

And

And so insatiate, that when he hath once
 Devour'd and gnawn a carcass to the bones,
 And swells with his surcharge, betwixt two trees
 His loads of crudities he forth doth squeeze,
 Then seeks new preys whereon to gluttonize,
 The Gormonds of this age doth emblemize,
 That daily raven after dainty cheer,
 As if they deem'd that onely born they were
 To fill, and to evacuate, and so
 To make their bellies like to bellows go,
 And to take care such Ballast to provide
 As weightrier is then all the Ship beside.
 Such greedy Gulls are bold to deifie
 Their bellies with a gross idolatry ;
 Their Kitchens are their onely Temples ; where
 The sacrifices (offer'd all the year)
 Are sundry sorts of fatted fowls and beasts ;
 Their Cooks (while sober) may well stand for Priests ;
 Tables for Altars ; and the steams that rise
 From meats, for incense fuming to the skies :
 Then in the stead of Hymns about do go
 Their Catches, heightned as their cups do flow.
 ' O, said *Gorgony*, that gross Parasite,
 ' I was at th' house of bounty yesternight !
 ' My Lord's a royal-minded man ! we were
 ' Almost three hours at Supper, I dare swear,
 ' Where both the Shambles and the Poultry too
 ' You might at once upon the Table view,
 ' Besides *Italian* and *French* dishes, such
 ' As you would think it almost sin to touch,
 ' They were so pleasing both to sight and sent,
 ' And to the palate gave so rich content.
 ' So farsed, larded, seasoned with the mear,
 ' That the most qualmish could not chuse but eat,
 ' And fill their bellies, though their eyes they nere
 ' Could fill with those delightful objects there.

' When

' When now with grinding-work our chaps were tir'd,
 ' Of all the dainties that could be desir'd
 ' A banquet came, such junkets were brought in,
 ' As (more then goodliest apples) might to sin
 ' Another *Eve* entice, and straight excite
 ' The drowziest sense, and deadeft appetite.
 ' I' th' close of all, the Master of the Feast
 ' Began a health in Sack, a quart at least,
 ' And round it 'mongst us went, who certainly
 ' Nere dream'd this last night of sobriety.
 ' For my part, I (who have spun a fair thred)
 ' Went reeling home, and slip'd so into bed
 ' As a blind man into a ditch should fall,
 ' Wallow'd in sleep; but when I wakened, all
 ' My bowels seem'd on fire, my throat was dry,
 ' And still the head-ach pains me wickedly.

Base fawning Smell-feast, I beleev'e thou art
 Shrewdly distemper'd both in head and heart;
 Thy wits are dreggish, and thy spirits dull
 And restive, c'ause thy belly's always full;
 While such diseases as ere long to feed
 The worms will send thee, in thy bowels breed.
 'Tis no great wonder that so little cause
 We have to boast of policies, or lawes,
 Manners, or Sciences, sith oft we be
 So full-fed, so engulft in Gluttony,
 That with its muddy fumes our brains are quite
 Ore clouded, and afford us little light.
 Yet may we see how much the *English* man
 Is still out-witted by th' *Italian*,
 The *Spaniard*, and the *French*, who (as they say)
 Do feed like *Simulus* and *Cybale*
 For the most part, chiefly beholden are
 To Orchards and to Gardens for their fare:
 But if sometimes on costlier meats they feed,
 They seldome pass the bound of Natures need,

But rake delight sweet temperance to show,
 As we in fulsome gluttony to flow.
 As men at first in skins of beasts attir'd
 Themselves, but afterwards (more proud) desir'd
 Quaint costly ornaments, and so in gay
 Purple and Scarlet did themselves array,
 Wrought up the Webs of Silk-worms, and made bold
 To rob the Elements for Pearls and Gold :
 So the first mortals did their hunger slake
 With bread and water, and of fruits did make
 Some frugal use ; but th' ill-rul'd appetite
 Would taste some delicacies, that might delight
 As well as nourish ; so both Land and Sea
 Ere long were searcht their longings to allay ;
 By th' deaths of other creatures did they live,
 And the full reins to ranging humors give :
 Whence the just Fates have made our threads of life
 More short, and fretted them with care and strife.
 Our dreadful wars that set a bloody stain
 Upon this Land, as in prodigious rain
 The Heavens had wept ; the direful pestilence,
 That with lean bloudless hand pluckt thousands hence ;
 Nay, the distempers and diseases all
 For which Physicians shake the Urinal,
 Emp'ricks and Mountebanks do boldly quack,
 And which old mumbling Beldames undertake
 To cure, have not such numbers (infinite)
 Sent to the solitary Coasts of night,
 As gluttony from time to time hath done,
 (That cramming Nurse of inconcoction)
 That quells the force of Nature, dampeth quite
 (As with a *Stygian* mist) the vital light,
 Or in the bowels leaves the seeds of death,
 That fail not to grow up, and stop the breath.
 The *Romans*, on whose Tables did appear
 Sometimes whole Hogs and Goats, whose bellies were
 With

With Fowls and Rabbits fill'd, (which great excess
The sumptuary Laws did well repress,)
Are yet excus'd, because they sacrific'd
Much to their gods, and now and then devis'd
Great pompous Shows, whereto they did invite
All Tribes of people, that thereby they might
Procure a fuller suffrage, when they went
About to reach some height of Government :
But 'tis our Islanders profess'd trade
To gluttonize ; and custome hath so sway'd,
That when they oft have like *Silenus* lain
Full-gorged, and puff'd up in every vein,
With supled throats, and bowels all distent,
They think themselves out of their element
When such effects they feel not, when they are
Not big with riot, dull'd with dainty fare,
And have not their intestine vessels strain'd
To such a measure, as they erst attain'd.
Thus does the stomach, though of size not great,
Seem monstrous in extension and receipt,
And for more choice of viands oft doth call,
Then th' other parts can furnish it withal.
Though *France* and *Spain* spoil all with deadly fowd,
It must have Wines fetcht thence, & have them brew'd
With Spices brought from th' *Indies* of the East,
And Sugars from those Regions of the West :
It longs for meats aerial, fine and light,
That (swimming) may keep up the appetite ;
And scarcely 'tis content to sup or dine
Without some cares far-fetcht and transmarine,
Which as they are with peril purchased,
So have they strongest healths endangered.
O Temp'rance, didst thou as a daily guest
Our tables grace, we surely should be blest
From sundry griefs, that, whilst we drink and eat,
Not at our backs, but on our bellies, wait.

SATYRE XII.

Against Excessive Drinking.

NOT oft hath *Cynthia* of her brothers face
 Took a full view, and finished her race,
 Since the well-known Sir *Baudwin* of the West,
Spirit the Divine, and *Meladine*, whose breast
 Glowes with Poetique ardours, in the street
 Did (as terrestrial Planets) chance to meet,
 And after such conjunction, made a fair
 Motion to th' nearest Tavern to repair,
 That (there concentr'd) they might loose awhile
 The reins to pleasure, and the time beguile.
 The match held; and in shadow (as it were)
 O' th' pleasant Vine, which *Bacchus* doth indear,
 Their mirth began to swell above the bank,
 As they drank and discourst, discourst and drank;
 Still as the Wine did work, their wits did play,
 Yet without breach of friendship spent the day,
 Till the free Jovial Poet (partly as
 The Queen of *Carthage* deak with *Bittas*)
 Would have enforc'd upon the pert Divine
 An Health, who onely did such terms decline,
 No Healths could brook, but else of every cup
 (How deep so ere) did turn the bottome up.
 Whence now (with liquor, as with choler, hot)
 He thus brake forth; 'Thou rude imperious Sor,
 ' *Parnassian* spend-thrift, *Heliconian* Gull,
 ' Canst thou not fall, but thou must others pull
 ' Upon thy back? Canst thou not bear thy vice
 ' With head and heart, but thou must needs entice
 ' Others to folly? Thy prime pleasure 'tis,
 ' Thy dear delight, and sublunary blifs,

' To tofs the bowzing tankard night and day,
 ' And so the fottish Libertine to play,
 ' As if, because thou haft the trick of rhyme,
 ' And readily canst teach thy words to chime
 ' A kind of Mufick, therefore thou didft think
 ' (Vain man !) thou hadft a priviledg to drink,
 ' And rudely swagger before men of place
 ' And worth, fuch as this Knight of ancient race,
 ' To whom (I fee) thy lewdnefs gives offence,
 ' And ftrains too far his gentle patience.
 ' 'Tis true, it does fo, faid Sir *Baudwin* then ;
 ' But a poor Play-wright muft not think that men
 ' Of worfhip, though they give him leave to fit
 ' With them, and fteal the flafhes of their wit,
 ' (As once *Prometheus* filcht celestial fire,)
 ' Will fuffer him t' explete a Fools defire
 ' In playing vile licentious pranks. I have
 ' An hundred tenants (fome whereof are brave
 ' Gay wealthy fellows, if compar'd to this)
 ' Who cap, and crouch to me, as they would kifs
 ' The ground I tread on, and dare fcarcely draw
 ' Near me, fo much I keep the flaves in awe :
 ' Yet this vile Ranter's jogging of me ftill,
 ' Upon my Scarlet did his liquor spill,
 ' And with a foul pipe bor'd me in the ear.
 ' But if fuch rudeneffes he'l not forbear,
 ' Ile beat him into fafhion, (as they ufe
 ' With a rough Colt to deal, that doth refufe
 ' To know his Mafter,) I fhall make him quake,
 ' (As once Sir *Lancelot* did the burning Drake,)
 ' And fend him cudgell'd to the Mufes Springs,
 ' To cry for help, who now fo pertly fings.
 As the *Cumean Sibyl* in her Cave,
 When wld with rapture, fhe began to rave,
 And to the *Trojan Knight* would fecrets tell,
 Did oft change countenance, and pant and fwell :

So far'd the Poet now, such signs of high
 Fury he shew'd, and made this quick reply :
 ' By Lordly *Phœbus*, and those Ladies fair
 ' Of Learning, I protest, Sir Knight, you are
 ' A most fulmineous Threatner ; but your tongue,
 ' That breaks a double sence to do me wrong,
 ' Shews (by your leave) your baseness, though you be
 ' Still boasting of a long-tail'd pedigree,
 ' And some great Ancestors, that liv'd before
 ' The *Roman* Eagle perch'd on th' *English* Shore.
 ' Though they were men of honour, you have made
 ' Forfeit thereof by setting up a trade
 ' Of vile miscarriage, seeming to profess
 ' The ignominious arts of wickedness.
 ' I drink as wise men laugh, but now and then ;
 ' But you (like to a Fox that keeps his den)
 ' Are daily in the Tavern, and brought thence
 ' Crackt (with too full a charge) in every sence,
 ' Soil'd like a cumbled Snow-ball, able t' fright
 ' Your Lady into wildness at the sight.
 ' Those tenants that you boast of, serve you so
 ' As Slaves do *Turks*, all wish your overthrow ;
 ' And when they send you treasures, which you spend
 ' On Drunkards, Pandars, Punks, therewith they send
 ' Vollies of curses, that may seem to hit
 ' Your wine-pufft face, and leave their marks in it.
 ' These Vassals to your fortune on the rack
 ' Are stretcht and tortur'd till their sinews crack,
 ' Led by your Leases (like your Dogs) to all
 ' Wants and hard exigents that may befall,
 ' Coursely they feed, and almost naked go,
 ' (Like swart *Pyrramon*, when at every blow
 ' His forge resounds) and in laborious strife
 ' Draw out the course thred of a careful life,
 ' Still sweating out their spirits, to foment
 ' Your riots, that your riches have mis-spent,

‘ Whilst

' Whilst Owls and Daws possess your Countrey Hall,
' And for its Master (as their fellow) call,
' Who spoils the Farmor, that enrich he may
' The Citizen, and yield his purse a prey.
' Now for his fresh Divine (whom, when I see
' His beard more grown, I more respectfully
' Shall look upon;) though now he does refuse
' To drink what I propos'd, I cannot chuse
' But say I lately saw his brain so blown
' Up with strong liquor, that his wits were flown
' Out of their hot-house, and soon after went
' His tongue (to seek them in their banishment :)
' When from his Chair, where Doctor-like he sate,
' Stooping to take up his too humble hat,
' He fell, and lay with legs and arms so spread,
' As he had been a swimming to his bed
' In liquor that was spilt upon the ground,
' Almost enough a Drunkard to have drown'd.
' The Ale-wife screecht out like an Owl, and swore
' Her Guest was dead, and had not paid his score;
' Then pufft mine Host, and chaf'd with ale and oil
' His temples, till his spiries did recoil,
' Who rolling 'a tongue, and opening half an eye,
' Said, you are much mistook, I shall not dye
' Of thirst yet, reach the tankard, I will strain
' My pipes, and merrily carouze again.
' This is no fiction, Sir, you know it well;
' Nor this, which with like confidence I tell:
' Such shrewd effects of drunkenness you feel,
' That you nere preach, but from your Text you reel;
' And vomit forth your malice upon those
' Whom your mis-government hath made your foes.
' With such as talk demurely, seem to chew
' Religion in their mouths, you'l quaff, and do
' Bold lawless things; 'gainst drunkenness you will
' Be still inveighing, and yet drink on still,

'Till first your heart and then your head so light
 'Be grown, that Reason often takes her flight.
 'Clerkship and Drunkenness together dwell
 'Now, as the Dragon and the Idol sell :
 'They, whose examples (dumbly) should exhort
 'Others to temperance, tempt the vulgar sort
 'By their loose lives to riot and excess,
 'Thus seeming to support their drunkenness.
 'As when the Unicorn has drunk, 'tis said,
 'That forthwith other beasts incline the head
 'To th' brook : so when the Corner-cap is soakt
 'Oft with strong liquor, others are provok'd
 'To th' like intemperance, taking leave to be
 'Debauch'd, as licenc'd by Authority.
 'Now, Knight, and Clergy-man, I think I have
 'Pincht you ; but if you think yet to out-brave
 'My courage, here I do you both defie.
 With that, pots, glasses, candlesticks did fly
 At one anothers heads, the table crasht,
 The joynt-stools clatter'd, as they had been dasht
 With a metalline storm ; they tugg'd and tore,
 Gron'd with their falls, and scuffled on the floor,
 Tumbled out threats and curses, with their hair
 Bloudy and ruffled did like Comets stare :
 The tumult drew the Drawers up ; who, when
 They saw they could not see, ran down agen
 For lights and Sticklers ; and so these at length
 Loos'd their strict hold with many-handed strength,
 Kept them at distance, gave them time to pant,
 And send for Surgeons, whom they most did want :
 For the Knights skull was batter'd so, that 'twill
 Be ever soft, and seems confus'd still :
 The Chaplains brow was stricken up, and he
 Hath ever since lookt superciliously :
 The Poet had the hinder part of 's head
 So dull'd with knocks, that ever since ('tis said)

His memory has faulter'd, though his wit,
 That elsewhere lyes, be quick and expedite.
 All had their hurts ; and so will all that be
 Foil'd by this potent vice, ebriety,
 That flies with furious boldness at the head,
 And has thereby great Princes captive led.
 If of all evils avarice be th' root,
 The sap is drunkenness, that forth doth shoot
 With ceaseless growth ; the heat of Hell and Ale
 Does to the germination much avail ;
 And sure a slabby Drunkard is a soil
 More fat and fruitful then the mud of Nile.
 Strange to the world was drunkenness, till *Nos*
 Planted it with his Vines, then did it grow
 With rank profusion, strove to discreate
 Mankind, and change it to a brutish state,
 Turn'd wit to folly, reason into rage ;
 And still so revels it upon our stage,
 As (having quell'd Religions force) it quite
 Would bear down Nature with oppressive might,
 Stagger with impudence int' every place,
 And cast thereon the foulness of disgrace.
 Rude vice ! how boldly dost thou domineer !
 How dost thou almost in each face appear
 With thy bloud-guilty marks ! how dost thou make
 Bellies like bogs ! the head and hands to shake !
 The feet to falter ! and all parts beside
 Of lively force, or lovely feature void !
 We surely for our traffique with the *Dutch*
 Paid dearly, who amongst them got a touch
 Of quaffing ; such a touch as hath almost
 Tainted all persons, spread through every Coast
 O' th' Kingdome ; which as *Neptune* doth enclose,
 So in it of excess an Ocean flows.
 We take our bane so greedily, as we
 Scorn'd to be less debauch'd with luxury

Then any Nation. Those beyond the Seas
 Go not beyond us in excess, nor please
 Their Gullets more with quaffing then we do ;
 'Tis some mens work and recreation too ;
 They carry't to the'r graves, as those of old
 In their dead mouths did wastage-money hold,
 To pay th' infernal Ferry-man. Not all
 Th' oppressive plagues incens'd Heaven lets fall
 Upon our backs, can make us bear a less
 Love to that lothsome Hög, Voluptuousness.
 In dark eclipses may we something see
 To tax our blindness and debility ;
 Terrours of thunder twit us with our late
 Dire wars, that threatned all to rinate ;
 Fevers upbraid us with our thirsty heat,
 Not to be quencht ; and Agues with as great
 Unstabilenels in ways of happy choice :
 Yet closely follow we our head-strong vice,
 In wildest wayes, and make the night to bear
 Witnesh of what we did all day endear.
 Some vices with their Vassals do decay,
 And seem to wither almost quite away,
 Like tender Plants that fresh in Summer grow,
 But live not to be blancht with Winters Snow ;
 Thus pride and lust in youthful years do bear
 Themselves aloft, then sink and disappear :
 But drunkenness, when most exhaust and dry
 The carcass is, goes down most pleasingly ;
 Leads the old Captive as with wandering fire
 To mischiefs, punishing his lewd desire ;
 Buds in stale faces where all beauty's gone,
 And rudely grounds a new complexion.
 You that your forms would like *Vertumnus* change,
 Would from humanity your selves estrange,
 And try what things *Mythes* followers were,
 After they were transformed by that fair

But false Enchantress, do you to excess
And sordid gluttony your minds depress,
Darken therewith your intellectual eye;
Which when it shall clear up, and you descry
The truth of things, if then you chance to find
Just cause to be so brutishly inclin'd,
Turn altogether Swinish, and in deep
Mire of excess your groveling senses steep,
Wallow with *Gryllus*, and nere care to be
Advanc'd again to humane dignity.

SATYRE XIII.

Against Ambition.

IF man be aptly styl'd a Bubble, why
Desires he to be tossed up on high
With blasts of Fame, sith scarcely we admire
A thing that does more suddenly expire?
A wandering fire may last perhaps a night,
And the brave Bow of Heaven delight our sight
A pretty space: but Bubbles, if up blown,
Make haste to vanish, instantly are gone.
Men, rais'd to honour, many times decay
In reputation, or some sadder way,
Almost as soon; those that like Sunny rayes
Did shine, and wear all ornaments of praise,
Have shortly in an Ocean of disgrace
Quencht their gay pride, and given others place;
Or (undermin'd by envy) falln from high,
And in a dead Sea sunk more fatally.
Yet, vain Ambition, honour-blasting fume,
Canker of greatness that doth all consume,

Dire curse of Kingdomes, pestilence of States,
 Meteor of power whereon mischief waits,
 How (wicked as thou art) do mortals love
 Thy fair pretexts ! thy flatteries approve !
 That promist brave honours high ascent,
 But tender'st nought save down-right discontent,
 Feed'st us with wind, and seem'st with tympanics
 T' afflict us, whilst we gape for dignities.
 Those whom the love of lucre cannot sway,
 Nor luxury with sweetest baits betray,
 Nor other vices move, are woo'd and won
 By th' quaint address of bold Ambition,
 That (as from airy Castles) doth distill,
 And greatest minds with noisome humours fill,
 Slips readily to th' Center of the heart,
 And there once rooted, never will depart.
 It looks not back like *Janus*, when it goes
 Forward, nor in its course much time doth lose,
 But like bestormed dust flies smoking on,
 As all preferment would be shortly gone,
 And nothing left whereon to lay a ground
 Of greatness, which full-mouth'd Fame may sound.
 When *Fuskin* did affect an higher state,
 What huge pains took he to ingratiate
 Himself at Court ! no Spaniel that bestirs
 Himself all day amongst the brakes and firs,
 In quest of Game whereat the Hawk may fly,
 Can labour with more strains of industry
 Then did this Gallant. Every day among
 The *French* he went, to learn their courtly tongue ;
 With gold and purer wine he Poets fed,
 That might (in due requital) fill his head
 With rich conceits, with nimble phantasies prime
 His brain-pan, that it might send forth in rhyme
 Fine flashes, which fair Ladies might admire,
 Warming their wits at his Poetique fire.

No Play could scape him, but from every Scene
He (or it should go hard) some toy would glean ;
Whence (as a Mimick Ape learns here and there
Some tricks) at every stage he did appear.
O how the Courtiers jeer'd him when he sent
Presents to them, and when by flocks they went
(Invited) to his high and gallant cheer !
Whereat (besides their mocks) his back did bear
More wealth, then all his family before
For fifteen generations ever wore.
He shin'd as he had been a *Selenite*,
Sent hither in a livery of light,
To treat with our grand Lunatiques about
State-models, and to clear each present doubt.
When now he was phantastical enough,
Had filcht from choicer wits Poetique stuff
To patch up his discourse, could drink and swear
Like a great Don, look big and domineer ;
He got (who could deny't ?) a Lordly place
At Court, went winding up int' higher grace
By th' wayes of impudence and flattery ;
Was throng'd with Suitors, that continually
Kept his hands supple with their Angel-oil ;
Strange plots he laid, and made a mighty coil,
Looking like *Typhon* when his arms were spread,
As this whole Globe he would have fathomed.
But as a vent'rous Barque that climbs an high
Mountain of water, menacing the sky,
Straight with the slippery billow down doth slide
Into a vast depth, tost and terrifi'd :
So when this Gallant stood upon the spire
Of dignity, which vulgar eyes admire,
Down (as the Fates had spurn'd him) was he sent,
And humbled to his mother-element ;
Envy, that oft shakes greatness at the root
With bitter blasts, soon brought him under foot.

Such

Such as had prais'd him with full mouths before,
 Now blurr'd his fame, his reputation tore
 With sharp invectives, did with libells sow
 The Court, that to his more contempt might grow,
 Made haste to tread his snuff of honour out,
 And the poor dwindled Courtier so did flout,
 That so much pity on himself he took
 As to retire, and in the Countrey look
 For more secure content ; where now (they say)
 He a Promoters part hath learn'd to play,
 As in despite of destiny he meant
 Some kind of Court however to frequent.
 So *Dionysius* for a Scepter shook
 A rod, and in the same some pleasure took ;
 As when contentment fails, 'tis not amiss
 To dally with a feign'd phantastick bliss.
 This vaporous vanity, this proud desire,
 That's always pointing upwards like the fire,
 As it threw th' Angels from their heavenly state,
 Our high-grac'd Parents did exterminate
 From earthly Paradise, and quickly brought
 Confusion upon those that folly wrought
 In rearing *Babel*, to confront the skies ;
 So has it plagu'd with dire calamities
 All ages of the world ; the fruits it bears,
 Seem (like the Man-drake) heavy hung with tears,
 Bestorm'd with sighs ; and when they chance to fall,
 None rescues them from greedy Funeral.
 Lend me, thou God of wit, thy Snaky wand,
 To strike therewith this Centre, and command
 Great *Alexanders* ghost to leave the pale
 And shady horrors of the *Stygian* Vale,
 And in these Regions of the light to say
 What benefit he reap'd i' th' dusty way
 Of his ambition ; where with blood besprent,
 And cumber'd with unwieldy arms, he went,

Making

Making th'affrighted Nations fly before
 His threatening troops, like clouds when tempests roar.
 Th' answer will be ; that, as he wrackt the world
 In Seas of bloud, and mighty Kingdomes hurl'd
 On heaps ; so was his mind with furies tost,
 And gaining Empire, sweeter rest he lost ;
 As bold incursions int' all Coasts he made,
 So hosts of irksome cares did him invade ;
 Yea, daily were his manners more deprav'd,
 Still as he conquer'd was he more enslav'd ;
 Pride, cruelty, and drunkenness did quite
 Of all true nobleness obscure the Light
 That in him shin'd, and made him (where he came)
 A scorn to Princes, and the Souldiers shame.
 More happiness had crown'd him, had he took
 Not a sharp sword in hand, but Shepherds crook,
 And whilst on Fifes and Trumpets others play'd,
 Had on a slender reed weak musick made,
 Taking more pleasure in its harmless tones,
 Then in the clash of arms, or dying groans :
 On *Macedonian* Mountains then he might
 Have found as high content, and not have quite
 Rang'd through the world a worthless fame to gain,
 Nor sorrow'd that there did not yet remain
 Another such a globe (for him to paint
 With humane bloud, and with foul vices taint.)
 O what concussions wild ambition makes
 In Kingdomes ! and what rugged wayes it takes
 To reach up to its high proposed ends,
 Treading upon the necks of dearest friends !
 Is it not this that mainly doth incite
 The *Persians* and *Mahometans* to fight ?
 That sent the fierce *Swedes* ore the surging flood,
 To make the bouzing *Germans* drunk with bloud ?
 And that still makes the *French* and *Spaniards* jar,
 And spend their vitals in a mortal war ?

No doubt some itch of honour too, aswel
 As hope of fortunes, did the *Scots* impel
 In ratter'd Regiments to cross the *Tweed*,
 And try how well their *English* neighbours feed :
 But for their diet have they dearly paid,
 And henceforth of our *Shots* will be afraid ;
 Their stomachs that were lofty, now are low,
 And deadly qualmish since their overthrow.
 Be warn'd, vain Confidents, be warn'd in time
 T' embrace an humble lot, and fear to climb
 The stairs of State, lest as the Bull and Snake,
 And other forms, made *Phaeton* to quake,
 And headlong slide ; so (when you meet on high
 With objects that distract and terrifie
 More then content you) fearfully you fall,
 A scorn to some, a wonderment to all.
 What if the Stars incline our hearts to pride,
 Treason, Sedition > wisdom is a Guide
 That balks the wayes of vice, and (in some sense)
 Is said to over-rule the influence
 Of Heavenly bodies. But the world (I fear)
 Does into dorage fall, sith every where
 Windy Ambition blowes into a flame.
 The sparks of discord, and disspreads the same
 With such a fury, that no Region's free
 From wild combustion, rapine, cruelty.
 For as when *Meleager* had to ground
 Brought an huge Bore with a bloud-gushing wound,
 His uncles, *Toxeus* and *Plexippus*, strove
 With him for th' horrid skin, and so did move
 His manhood that had tam'd the beast, to send
 Them to the Fates, that all contentions end :
 So for meer trifles (light as wind or smoke)
 Do Princes oft engage, and so provoke
 And stir up mischief, that themselves thereby
 With thousands fall amass'd in misery ;

The higher that they fall, the greater blow
 They lastly feel, and heavier is their woe.
 Vices are follies, (wisdom styles them so)
 Because from a weak Principle they flow,
 A mind that's much depraved and deprest ;
 And surely this inflation 'bove the rest
 I th' Court of fools deserves preeminence,
 For that it follows a deluded sense,
 And little cares to listen to a well-
 Informed judgment, that the truth would tell.
 Would not that man seem impotent in brain,
 Who, seated in a safe and quiet Plain,
 Neighbour'd with plainer truth and honesty,
 Should seek new harbour in a Mountain high,
 Haunted with Robbers, beaten with all kinds
 Of storms, and shaken with imprison'd winds ?
 No wiser's he that from an humble state
 Of life, whereon security doth wait,
 (And where *Astrea*, when to Heaven she flew,
 Seem'd from her labouring wings to shake some dew
 Of goodness,) int' a Princes Court will press,
 With hope to finde the flower of happiness
 In a Sun-shiny palace ; where indeed
 There's little growing save th' invenom'd weed
 Of Envy, bordering upon Pride and Strife,
 The baneful enemies t' a blessed life.
 'Twere well this haughty humour did but flow
 In Courts and Common-wealths, and did not grow
 Too strong elsewhere : but as in Paradise
 The Serpent mischief wrought, so breeds this vice
 Distempers in the Church, divides her friends,
 Meer Rusticks into Oratories sends,
 And arms them with fool-hardiness to preach
 Of points as far beyond their dwarfish reach,
 As *Aries* and *Taurus* are above
 The Sheep and Oxen which they lately drove.

Not onely with unwashen hands they dare
 Lay hold on holy things, but do not spare
 With bloudy fingers to defile the same ;
 And all to gain a little smoky fame
 'Mongst fellows of the hobnail'd stamp, whose wit
 Scarce knows pure Manna from the Devils bit.
 Were such mens bodies but so dieted
 As they feed others souls, those people bred
 In *Athiops*, that a kind of Flyes do ear,
 Would hate their sordidness, and lothe their meat.
 When once into an Upland shed they get
 'Mongst women now, where beasts were lately set,
 O then the rub resounds ! they pant and swear,
 And so divide a Text as *Scots* do meat
 After a long march, fall with boisterous force
 Upon a Theme, and tear't without remorse,
 Whilst with long-listning ears the Rabble sits
 Like Buzzards in a nest, and gapes for bits.
 Now much good do't you with your slubber'd fare,
 Feed servently, besthrew you if you spare ;
 You cannot move his envy, whose free love
 In purer objects rests, and dwells above.

SATYRE XIV.

Against Whoredome.

WHEN Justice (vext at mens impetuous wrong)
 Fled hence, and in the skies her ballance hung,
 Did not pure Chastity upon her wait,
 (Holding her Zone indissolubly strait,
 Lest haply once again *Orion* should
 Grow rudely wanton, dissolutely bold ?)

'Tis credible enough, sith we, no doubt,
 May sooner find the North-west passage out,
 Out of a Chymists Furnace fetch the great
Elixar, or the ring of *Gygis* get,
 Then amongst all the race of humans kind
 A truly chaste affection we can find.
 Although young beauties, shaded and immur'd
 In cloysters, seem from lawless heat secur'd:
 Yet if such Votaries will but sincere
 Confessions make, themselves they will not clear.
 In things prohibited we think there lyes
 Some sweetness, and thereto our nature flies
 As fire to *Naphtha*, or to Amber straws;
 Nor are we stop't with bars of strictest Lawes.
 Now as that man that but intends kill
 His Prince, is said his royal blood to spill,
 And suffers for the crime, as if indeed
 His ruthless sword had made his Sovereign bleed:
 So those that yield no more then meer consent
 To lust, nor are in act incontinent,
 May yet be said to crack the shining ice
 Of chastity, and trench too deep on vice.
 A grave Divine that sometime use did make
 Of a fair Ladies Closet, and did take
 Occasion there her godly books to to toss,
 Who did pretend all vertues to engross,
 Found in a corner of her seeming Shrine
 The pictures of foul finger'd *Aresine*
 Laid closely up; whereat he could not chuse
 But startle as affrighted creatures use,
 And frowning, said: 'Now, Madam, (by your leave)
 'I by these slubber'd papers may perceive
 'That somewhat besides sanctity you mind,
 'And that some fairness is with falsehood lin'd.
 'So that old Serpent whose foul breath doth blast
 'Pure vertue, may be said sometime to cast

'His

' His Hellish slough, and to appear so bright,
 ' That he seems gilded with celestial light.
 She, much abasht (like *Venus*, when she lay
 In *Vulcan's* net-work) did her guilt betray
 By blushing; yet no colourable excuse
 To save her question'd credit could produce,
 Nor yet for anger would she longer stay,
 But (halting in her carriage) flung away.
 The lusts of living creatures rank below
 Mankind, are less importunate (we know)
 Than those of men; dull beasts do meely stir
 As Nature bids, and answer to her spur;
 Onely because no shame their rudeness knows,
 We take their lusts to be most furious.
 But surely we mistake, with flattering eyes
 Ore-looking our more vile enormities,
 Sith humane phantasies and opinions so
 Our objects change, and make mean beauty show
 So rarely amiable, that e' enjoy
 The same, we hazard life and liberty.
 For (sooth to say) what freedom can they have
 Who to coy Mistresses themselves enslave,
 Observe their eyes as Load-stars to direct
 Their course, and onely steer by their aspect?
 What savage beasts have so disquieted
 Both Sea and Land, or such wild tumults bred,
 As *Priams* one son did? was't not alone
 His lust that made th' *Aegean* waters grone
 Under black-bottom'd Ships? that *Phrygia* fill'd
 With vengeful instruments, whereby was spill'd
 The blood of thousands, and the Scepter wrung
 Out of his just hand that had sway'd it long?
 So thou, proud *Spain*, for a licentious trick
 Of *Gothish* (rather *Goatish*) *Roderick*
 Didst dearly pay; the foul fame-staining rape
 Of a fair Lady could not vengeance scape,

But

But shortly did the *Saracens* and *Moors*
Come (like the black Seas billowes to the shores)
With terrour in their face, and sword in hand,
To orewhelm the King in ruines of his land.
He that but hears how th' *Indians* of the new
World for such lewdness their Invaders slew,
Havockt the fortunes which they had acquir'd,
Burnt up their houses as their hearts were fir'd
With lusts, their pictures under foot did tread,
Their Churches raz'd that had unhallowed
Their bodies Temples, bann'd and beat the soil
That nourisht *Caitifs* so extremely vile,
Cannot but wonder that meer *Pagans* should
So damn th unruly motions of the bloud,
Whilst we that strictest sanctity profess,
Run riot into wild licentiousness.
Like to benighted Travellers we go
In the impurest wayes, defiling so
With sin the beauty of the soul, with shame
The treasure of a more esteemed fame.
As (unclean) *Mundus*, when he once did seign
Himself the God *Anubis*, did obtain
Th' enjoyment of *Paulina* fair and chaste:
So others, when they have upon them cast
Religions cloke, are often neretheless
More apt then *Noe* to shew their nakedness.
Men of great fortunes think they may command
All pleasures services, and none withstand;
They take up Beauties as they do their rents,
And as their states were free from punishments.
Preposterous are their courses, whilst they care
That their dead bodies shall with rich and rare
Balmes be preserv'd, but whilst alive they be,
Corrupt them with all rank impurity;
And deal worse with their better parts, their souls,
Which every base lust threatens and controlls.

O they indear their lust! the Fondling lay
 In soft perswued beds, and make it gay
 With finest silks and scarlers, pearls and gold,
 With these, as with bright baits, to catch and hold
 Coy Mistresses; that whilst they these admire,
 They may to mix embraces more desire.
 Loves Lady, *Venus*, from the Ocean sent,
 Sends her Purveyours through her element,
 And the land too, to seek (as once did lewd
Medea for strange herbs) for costly food,
 High humour-stirring meats, that may inspire
 Rude heat, and set frigidity on fire.
 Chiefly to thee, God *Bacchus*, doth she owe
 Her frantick pleasure, sith where wine doth flow,
 There wisdom ebbes, there modesty's exil'd,
 There rashness, freedom of foul language, wild
 Behaviour, and hot passions, do inflame
 Unwary hearts, and give blind *Cupid* aim.
 Those Witches, *Circe*, and *Calypso*, by
 Old *Homer* markt with spots of infamy
 (Like some rank faces) knew no lewder arts
 To spoil by Charms and Philters wretched hearts
 Of freedom, then our Gallants have, to raise
 Spirits of lust, embodying where they please.
 But if their skill fail, the Physician must
 Goe t' Hell (like *Hercules*) to serve a lust,
 Work up their wickedness, and make them do
 What Goats nor Monkies will be heightened to.
 Thus a long-studied Knowledge, that should be
 To mortals almost like a precious tree
 Of life, doth like a worthless Bramble grow
 Contemn'd, and hated as a flattering foe,
 That whilst he would for sordid lucre please
 A lewd desire, both health and life betrays.
 Now, Gallants, now, whilst Roses do embow'r
 In your fresh cheeks, and bounteous youth doth pour
 Bloud

Bloud through your veins, you little think how soon
 Diseases will (like darknesſes at noon)
 Ore-caſt your beauties, how a ſudden froſt
 Will pierce your limbs, your bones will be exhauiſt,
 Your joints with palsies ſlackt, your fleſh half dead,
 With Ulcers (as with unguents) over-ſpread,
 Whilſt ſharp regret for time and ſtrength miſ-ſpent
 Will wound your ſpirits, and your hearts torment.
 It ſometime happened that *Blandora*, the
 Who long had liv'd by th' loſs of honeſty,
 And train'd up others i' th' down-lying trade,
 Meeting a beautiful and modeſt Maid,
 Whoſe mind reſembled the pure Countrey-air
 She left, when ſhe to th' City did repair,
 Beſpake her thus: ' Sweet Beauty, give me leave
 ' The truth to tell, that plainly I perceive
 ' By ſome pale vapours ſwimming in your eyes
 ' That you are ſick of cares, and ſymbolize
 ' Too much with the dull Countrey, which of late
 ' You left, & enjoy the Cities happier ſtate.
 ' 'Tis more then pity that a Nymph ſo fair
 ' As with th' *Idalian* Goddeſs may compare,
 ' Should want a man in arms loves prize to play,
 ' And that ſuch excellence as ſhines (like day)
 ' To chear a world, ſhould in its lovely prime
 ' Be threatned with a wane through loſs of time.
 ' But ſee fair happy Emblemes here, a Ring
 ' And Bracelet (pledges of a dearer thing)
 ' Sent to you by a noble friend, that was
 ' (As by my window you did lately paſs)
 ' Struck with your beauties, and deſires to be
 ' A ſervant to you in a near degree.
 ' Come take them without bluſhing; ſimply vain
 ' Were modeſty that would not entertain
 ' All kinds of kindneſs ſuch a friend ſhould ſhow,
 ' Whoſe full affections ſtreams will ever flow

' (Like *Indian Ganges*) with unmeasur'd store
 ' Of wealth, and make your Cabinet their shore.
 ' Pause not, but pass along with me, and bless
 ' This as the birth-day of your happiness.
 ' You that have Pleasures shadow scarcely known,
 ' Shall now enjoy its body as your own ;
 ' In stead of low-brought fortunes you shall be
 ' Ascendent in the heights of gallantry,
 ' And by such happy sublimation prove
 ' What sweets are in the quintessence of love ;
 ' You shall with star-like flowers crown your May
 ' Of youth. But wherefore should we longer stay ?
 ' Come, wing your feet like *Hermes*, and let me
 ' Insphere you in this high felicity.

These gentle blasts of language did inflame
 The easie-natur'd Maid, and made her tame
 To follow th' old Enchauntress to her cell ;
 Where (having lost her hold) down-right she fell
 To lawless lusts, fed on forbidden fruit,
 Deny'd no Trader that prefer'd his Suit
 With money in his hand, and thus became
 Her beauties blemish, and her sexes shame.
 Her friends long sought her with such industry
 As *Ceres* did in fields of *Sicily*
 Sad *Proserpine*; but found her at the last,
 Found her but knew her not, so much defac'd
 Her feature was, her cheek, her eye, her brow
 (As blasted) were so pale, dark, rivell'd now,
 And sundry parts so ulcerous withal,
 That she was lothsome to the Hospital,
 Wherein she lay in dolour and distress,
 And did sad penance for her wantonness.
 O the damn'd frauds of old Adulteresses,
 That arts of tempting Devil-like profess !
 Unto what trains of mischief do their eyes
 Give fire ! what force of fatal Magick lyes

In their smooth tongues | what treason's in their looks |
And in their hands what hidden snares and hooks |
Accursed were those Magistrates at first
(And haply still their progenie's accurst)
That licenc'd Brothelry, and set up Stewes,
Wherein loose-bodied *Courtezans* might use
Their trade without controll, as if indeed
Their vice and *Nemesis* were well agreed.
If that head-city that is said to be
Seated about the heel of *Italy*,
Out of these Sinks of sin much treasure takes,
A course to grow contemptible she takes,
And much degenerates in manners from
Old honour-winning world-commanding *Rome*,
That vertue did prefer to sordid gains,
And less for pleasure car'd then honest pains.
Why was it feign'd that *Cytherea's* son
By some lewd pranks and insolencies done
Amongst the Gods, did so their wrath provoke,
That from his shoulders his light wings they broke,
And flung him from high Heaven; but that hereby
The Ancients meant to shew how wretchedly
Lust runs into miscarriage, as 'twere sent
Into the world for mortals punishment?
Hence that *Tragedian* that upon the Stage
Brought grim *Orestes* in a sparkling rage,
Desir'd that men in purer temples might
Buy children of the Gods, and not delight
To mixe with women, but to let them go,
As authors of much wickedness and wo,
But wherefore, Poet, dost thou sentence pass
'Gainst all such creatures as thy mother was,
Condemning them, who seldome are with vice
So intimate, as when lewd men entice?
'Tis mens unruly heat that drives them from
Their guard of modesty, and makes them come

Into unlawful arms in *Cupid's* field,
 Themselves as vassals to dishonour yield,
 And stain their beauties, that would else appear
 Like burnisht gold, and unclipt pieces were.

S A T Y R E XV.

Against Voluptuousness.

Whoever art so sowe and Stoical,
 As not to meet delightful things at all
 With gladness, but dost think felicity
 To be lockt up in a dull apathy,
 At thine own charge be foolish still, and lose
 Those sweets that Nature liberally bestows ;
 Shut up thy senses, whilst I (in the Spring)
 Rejoyce to hear the wing'd Musicians sing,
 In the perfumes of flowers take delight,
 And with their various beauties feed my sight,
 Comparing them to noble gems, or bright
 Unnumbred stars, the treasures of the night.
 Such pleasure as from objects of this kind
 Results, is (like to treasure well refin'd)
 Pure and desirable, whereby the sense
 May seem emparadis'd without offence.
 But O how vile and vicious is that kind
 Of pleasure which hath made *Philedon* blind,
 And leads him in an Ocean of excess
 To all the swallowing gulphs of wickedness !
 No sooner does he leave his lazy bed,
 But beast-like goes he to be watered
 At some neer Tavern or Ale-guilty house,
 Where with wide-throated Gulls he may carouze,
 Sing,

Sing, rant, cog, swear, talk nastily, and do
 What lust or vanity incites him to.
 When now in liquour he begins to flow,
 When his eyes sparkle, and his cheeks do glow,
 In comes *Rogero* with the fiery snout,
 His servant, (apt to find his Master out
 By th' sent of smoke and drink) desires him t' come
 To dinner, tells him what good cheer's at home
 Fit for his palate; ' Therefore, Sir, I pray
 ' Be pacing. *Hodge*, I will but onely stay
 ' Until an Health be pledg'd; mean-while do thou
 ' Drink a full flagon, which I still allow
 ' Thee for such pains; thou canst not but be dry,
 ' And have some sparks to quench aswel as I.
 After some parting-cups, with him he goes
 Like *Silene* with his As, and puffs and blowes,
 And belches, till he stops his throat with meat,
 Which he does quickly when he home doth get,
 Feeds as a man past grace, and at his mears
 Still, as he eats, findes fault, findes fault and eats:
 The dishes are not garnisht well, he says,
 The seas'nings nor the sawces greatly please,
 The meats are not in the *French* fashion drest,
 Nor are the fruits or spices of the best;
 Nothing contents him, yet goes all to wrack,
 Onely the bones hard-metall'd Hinds may crack.
 When he has deeply drunk, and highly fed,
 And now the sluggish Hulk's well ballasted,
 Stretching and yawning from his chair he goes,
 Upon his softer day-bed to repose,
 Sleeps like an Hog of *Epicurus* Herd,
 On no occasion to be call'd or stirr'd
 (Though he snore nere so loud) till *Morpheus* take
 His weights away, and gently he awake.
 Then with fresh liquour having clear'd his sight,
 Straight (like a Water-course) to's old delight

He runs, seeks company wherewith to play
 At idle sports, and tipples out the day,
 As if Time, waxen old, grew likewise slow
 Of motion now, and must be hastned so.
 Sent for to supper by his friends, at last
 He home-ward stumbles, reels to his repast,
 And quite forgetting carying knife and all
 Manners, upon his meat doth rudely fall,
 Makes spoil of dainties, and ore dishes runs
 As ore their Frets do quick Musicians.
 The meal being ended, but his thirst not quencht,
 Still with strong liquour must the beast be drencht,
 Sucks like a sponge, and with bewitching smoke
 His appetite to drink doth still provoke,
 Until his senses, almost driven from
 Their hold, to parly with his pillow come.
 This is the daily sacrifice which he
 Offers to his voluptuous gluttony,
 Unless some surfer keep him tame awhile;
 Which if it happens, with his health recoil
 His riots still, more jollity he showes,
 And with a fuller noise the Goblet flowes.
 This course the times Voluptuaries steer,
 The Grandee's of our Land, that nothing fear
 Save feavorous diseases, nothing hate
 More then a life well-rul'd and temperate.
 Those that in large intradoes do surpass
 Others, do seem to think it a disgrace
 Not to out-go them in licentious wayes,
 And in vile courses wildly hunt for praise.
 Nor shall they want it; Ile extoll them high,
 And say they may compare for gluttony
 With fam'd *Apicius*; that they well may fetch
 The *Centaures* over at a drinking march;
 That for oppressive cruelties they be
 Scarce equall'd by *Sicilian* tyranny;

And that for careless wantonizing they
With strong-backed *Hercules* their parts may play,
Or with *Joves* self, when in delusive shapes
He anger'd *Juno* with prodigious rapes.
You Gallants, that bear up so highly brave,
That seem to lead blind *Fortune* as your slave,
That on our Stage do meerly gigantize,
And others as poor vermin do despise,
What think ye? Were you born to wallow in
The miry puddles of corruptive sin?
Came you into the world as whirlwinds doe,
To puff, roar, bustle, and do mischief too?
Is it your onely work the fools to play,
And quaff, and drab, and ramble every day?
What! are your lives worth nothing, that you so
On vicious vanities the same bestow,
Making the lines thereof like *slightest* nets
Arachne weaves, which every motion threatens?
In the worlds prime, when men might acorns sow,
Or Cedars plant, and live to see them grow
Decay'd with age, their food was coarse and plain,
Fit onely natures vigour to maintain,
And make them able roughly to endure
Hard pains, whereto they did themselves enure:
But in succeeding times (succeeding ill,)
When men with delicates did daily fill
Their bellies rather than their appetites,
Unstrung their courages with faint delights,
And shunning labours in the dusty field,
Did to unmanly sloth and softness yield,
Then seem'd diseases at a busie strife
Which of them heavily'st on humane life
Should fall, and send poor mortals with most speed
To the sad grave; and then it was decreed
By th' angry fates that in a shorter space
Man out of breath should run, and end his race,

Yet not so peremptory is their law,
But that men wisely regular may draw
T' a fair longevity, and rather dye
Of heatless languor, then of dyscrasie.
But our great Gulls that daily gormondise,
And quaff, and smoke, and make the Cook devise
Quaint dishes; these, that ply their vaulting play
Like frisking Satyres, turning night to day,
And day to night, what do they but to fate
Themselves betray, and almost violate
Nature as much as if they did with knife,
Halter, or poison, force an odious life?
'Twas usual once to sweeten and to cleanse
With baths and unguents th' outward parts of mens
More useful bodies; but now inward goe
Such soft delights, mens stomachs over-flow
With costly meats and liquours; and to be
Sober and spare in rank prosperity,
Is surely more a wonder then to know
The robe of Summer washt with melted snow.
These exemplary ill, that t' others sight
Are daily obvious, move them to delight
In the like vanities: and as we see
That waters, when they meet, do well agree
To flow together; so inferiours run
In the same channel of profusion
With greater persons, loth to be behind,
And to luxurious pleasure less inclin'd.
If my Lord be a Lecher, or a great
Exhausting Drunkard, or a gaming Cheat,
Or stain his fame with any vices else,
Th' unhappy town where he inhabits, smells
Rank of his Lordships lewdness, Rusticks lay
About them with their lusts, drink night and day,
Ply thriftless sports, and wholly bend their mind
Just as their great Supporter is inclin'd.

O

O with what power Lady Pleasure sawyes
Mens hearts ! who have devis'd more sort of playes
And sportful tricks, then they have trades and arts
To save their lives, and exercise their parts,
I mean no sport that courages inflames,
Such as the *Isthmian* and the *Pythian* games,
And those whence *Hiero* (right noble King)
Did both the Palm and *Pindars* praises bring ;
No Masteries, to harden lusty boyes
For field-exploits; but soft unmanly toyes,
Fit rather to hold up the appetite,
And make our cups go down with more delight.
The *Pyrrhic* dance, wherein (like Planets bright)
Men shin'd in arms, is antiquated quite,
Nor doe they make their blowes at Barriers sound,
Nor with triumphal thunders shake the ground,
Running at Tilt for Ladies fair rewards ;
But ply the Boxe with wicked Dice and Cards,
And other boyish pastimes, making wit
For grave and good employments most unfit.
Thus is Time lost in's undiscerned flight ;
Thus to tempt Fortune Prodigals delight,
And whilst they pass their tricks of sly deceit
On others, most of all themselves do cheat.
Then (faster then the bones) fly Wounds and Bloud
In vap'rous breath, then stamp they as they wou'd
Call up infernal pwr's, and then both Stakes
And Daggers draw : thus Gamesters keep their Wakes.
If some mild Hermit, or calm Anchorite,
That wholly doth in holy things delight,
By some rude violence were thrust among
The Gallants of our time (to mend the throng)
And should observe them in some gaming house,
How some sit puffing smoke, and then carouse
To quench their fervours ; others sling away
Sometimes whole Lordships in their frantick play ;
Others

Others sing bawdy Catches, lewdly prate,
 Swagger and vapour, swear and imprecate,
 Beleh our harsh blasphemies, and fall sometimes
 To fatal stabbing, to make up their crimes;
 Should those (I say) in whose untroubled cells
 Devotion, grac'd with innocence, dwells,
 See such lewd wildnesses, their flesh would quake,
 Their blood congeal, their inmost bowels ache,
 Their hair waxe stiff, and surely they would guess
 That Hell scarce seems with greater wickedness.
 Men should taste pleasure as a Dog does *Niles*
 Sweetness in view of horrid Crocodiles,
 Take't without stay, lest if it soke too deep
 Into their senses, they forget to keep
 The rules of life, and make themselves unfit
 For due performances of strength or wit.
 Our wars had with less insolence and wrong
 Been carried on, nor plagu'd our land so long,
 If those that shin'd in arms had strove to be
 Clear from the foul attaints of luxury,
 Despis'd the languishments of soft delights,
 And rather *Spartans* seem'd then *Sybarites*.
 But they were far from sober courses, far
 From all the strictnesses requir'd in war;
 Still where they march'd, they pillag'd by the way,
 And spent at night the plunder of the day;
 Gave fire more to their lusts then to their guns,
 And with deep quaffing drown'd their Garrisons.
 Those that made *Mars* a God, and plac'd him far
 'Bove th' aery regions, thought too well of war;
 They should have damn'd him to the blackest cell
 Of night, imprison'd him in deepest Hell,
 Arm'd him with all the terrors of the dire
 Infernal Furies, fill'd his breast with fire,
 Made him more horrid then *Medusa's* hair,
 Or *Hydra's* chaps, or th' *Harpyes* talions are,

And

And set wild Tumult, Insolence, Debate,
Mischief and treachery, on him to wait.
Poets, that sang how he (insnar'd) did lye
With *Venus*, onely taxt his luxury :
But his more lewd debauchments to contain
In verse, would put the Muses to more pain,
Then all th' exploits of *Hercules* to tell,
That were admir'd on earth, or fear'd in Hell.

SATYRE XVI.

Against Timidity.

A Fearful state it were to live without
All fear, and of our welfare never doubt,
But with a bold fool-hardy forwardness
Go on, presuming still of good success,
Just as a blinded beast should far and near
In pastures range, as every Coast were clear.
Nature in every thing endu'd with sense
Hath planted fear, that objects of offence
The creatures may decline, as well as move
Towards delightful things, embrac'd with love.
Good Subjects too do heartily revere
Their Princes, sweetly mixing love with fear,
And purchasing from them a fair respect,
Whom they both stand in awe of and affect.
And as the Sea-mans Needle ever will
Be pointing towards the Pole, yet quivers still :
So he that levels at celestial bliss,
Is somewhat fearful lest his mark he miss.
Such fears are regular, and well may be
Consistent with fair virtues dignity,

And height of courage : but to shake the state
 Of humane life with tears immoderate,
 To quake at shadows, figments of the brain,
 Chimera's, things phantastical and vain,
 That no more essence have, then Chymists gold,
 Argues a broken mind, unapt to hold
 Noble infusions ; shews an impotence
 Of spirit, an abus'd intelligence,
 That (ere since *Adam* ran into the shade
 O' th' trees of *Paradise*, and was afraid)
 With other lawless passions hath combin'd,
 To the disturbance of all humane kinde.
 Thou that art so malign'd by stubborn Fate,
 As on some splendid Prince at Court to wait
 (As *Hermes* doth on *Sol*) mayst see how there
 The high-flown Gulls the loss of honour fear,
 What plots they lay their places to secure,
 What arts they use, what busie pains endure;
 With what sharp lines a Rivals fame they tear,
 And oft the blouidier marks of discord bear,
 Their cares compelling them still watch to keep,
 At least (like Hares) with open eyes to sleep.
 Those Rhetoricians that in *France* did strain
 Their lungs, and either must applauses gain,
 Or (if their fluency did fail) be cast
 Into a river, deeply so disgrac'd,
 Were not more pallid then these men are weak,
 And fearful lest their glassy honours break.
 They'r like to Climbers, that much labour spend
 A steep and craggy mountain to ascend,
 (One such as *Tenariffe* or *Atlas*) and
 When on the frozen Crown thereof they stand,
 Are fearful of a downfall, and much more
 Troubled thereat then with all pains before.
 There's none more jealous of his chosen Mate,
 That by her looks, her garments, and her gate

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Shews her wild lusts, then are these Gallants each
Of other. If the King but deign to reach
To one of them a favour, all the rest
(Like to young Kestrels in an high-built nest)
Stand gaping still, and level all their spight
Against the new much honour'd Favourite,
Lay all their heads and hearts together how
To bring his fortunes down, and make him bow,
Lest in his plenty they should chance to pine,
And his exalting should be their decline.
Ambitious fools ! that fret your hearts with care
For Honours, that more slight then shadows are ;
More light then vapours, that to wondrous height
Soon rise, but vanish in the welkin straight ;
And more delusive then our dreams, that will
Make golden promises, but none fulfill.
Suppose I were grown rich, and in the street
A poor well-manner'd man should chance to meet,
That shew'd me his bare head ; what would it me
Advantage more, then his bare feet to see ?
Or what more by his bowing should I gain,
Then if he did in backward posture lean ?
He scrapes me legs, and makes the dust give way,
But does no benefit to me convey.
Honour's the Vulgars mockery ; and he
That's fearful of the loss of dignity,
Or's vext at a repulse, a sounder brain
Should rather seek, then honour to obtain.
There's nothing more pernicious to a State
Then a cold-hearted tim'rous Magistrate,
That when he greater persons to the Stake
Should bring, perceives his weakned hams to quake ;
Deals gentlier with them then she-Surgeons do
With patients that they bear affection to ;
And oft more pale, more pensive is by far
Then some offenders standing at the bar :

A

A script or message from a potent friend
 Saves a mans life, that now a down-right end
 Sadly expects, and sees no hopeful cause
 Why his death should not satisfie the Laws.
 What greatness wills, must be accomplisht, though
 The stream of justice be compell'd to flow
 (Like *Jordan*) backward, whilst detested crimes
 (Never more rise then in these wretched times)
 Unpunisht pass, and many a foul offence
 Is blancht and smooth'd with soft blandiloquence,
 To th' great dishonour of our troubled State,
 And their encouragement that vertue hate.
 Those that grow fat in seats of dignity,
 Are wise enough to know they must comply
 With greatness, lest they chance to be displac'd,
 And lose those profits which they hug so fast.
 So sweet is lucre, that men will cashier
 Friendship or equity, or what's more dear,
 Break strongest bonds, endure the hardest pains,
 Rather then lose the harvests of their gains.
 Hence is it that the Merchant rides so far
 O' th' bounding Ocean, as in open war
 He did defie two elements at least :
 Hence the hard Souldier doth expose his breast
 To darts and bullets whizzing through the air :
 The Lawyer (wearing Suits and Clients bare)
 Bustles and bawls amongst contentious throngs,
 Cracking at once his conscience and his lungs :
 And every man some pleasing way doth chuse,
 Wherein the prize of profit he pursues,
 With hot affection after it doth pant,
 And shews how urgent is the fear of want.
 But most of all this pale-look'd passion shoves
 Its strength (or rather weakness) when to blowes
 Two Armies fall : yea oft, when now the Drum
 But summon'd them to warlike work to come,

One side hath suddenly been pallie-shook;
Clapt on the wings of fear, the field forsook
In foul disorder, shameful dis-array,
When they might well have stood and won the day;
When hostile faces did less danger threat
Then their own phancies, working their defeat.
Let not the *Romans* make too loud a boast
Of fortitude, sith *Craſſus* ruffling host,
That the sure-handed *Parthians* did invade,
Hearing the hideous noises that they made
T' affray their enemies, were sore distraught
With terroure, and a fearful ruine brought
Upon themselves; met in dishonour'd flight
By fate, and banisht into endless night.
Indeed the *Carthaginians* that did hear
Air-rending out-cries, when no foes were near,
Had cause enough to quake, and to surmise
That mov'd to anger were their Deities,
And sent those terroures as a warning-blow:
But to be daunted with a clamorous foe
(As Drunkards are dismay'd when vessels sound)
Argues an heart to have an inward wound,
A sickly temper, a soft feeble state
Of mind, that every threat will penetrate.
Rather then Vulgar people will not play
The fools, with waking dreams they will affray
Themselves, and breed more Bugbears in their braid
Then ere inventive *Greece* did wonders feign.
Fairies, Night-spirits, Goblins, all those toys
Owe their whole essence to weak phantasies.
I know a neighb'ring fountain, sweet and clear,
(And such as well the Muses might endear,)
That pours pure liquid treasures forth apace;
Adorning (as it were) with shining lace
The border of a field, and making there
A valley rich and yernant all the year.

Fair trees ore-look the well, and seem to play
 With their own shadowes in it every day,
 Sending down leaves as love-signs, which the Source
 Doth modestly reject with easie force.
 To this fair mirrour Maids by day repair,
 And by it set their looks, and prune their hair :
 But when the Sun forgoes our Hemisphere,
 Causing the earths dim shadow to appear,
 None dare approach the place, but balk it quite,
 (As on *Avernas* lake no fowls will light,)
 Lest treading on that Fairy-ground (for so
 They term it) th' angry Elves should chance to blow
 Their eyes out, or should pinch them black and blew,
 Or lame them : yet that no man living knew
 Such mischiefs done there I dare almost swear.
 Truly when sometime I my course did steer
 Near to this Fountain, whilst fair Moon-light shone,
 I visited the water-Nymph alone,
 And sipt her liquor ; yet did neither hear,
 Nor see, nor suffer what the Rusticks fear.
 Indeed a long-bill'd bird (I think on't still)
 That flush'd and flew up from the bubbling rill,
 Was ready to divert me from my way ;
 But made me to my self to smile, and say,
 If Woodcocks to this Well dare come so near,
 What cause have Countrey Gulls so much to fear ?
 Thus does man to his mass of misery
 Adde vain illusions of his phantasie,
 And makes his own more wretched then the state
 Of beasts ; that no such terrours do create
 Unto themselves, but every time and place
 Enjoy, and all delightful things embrace,
 Lest troubled with their loss, and not at all
 Fearful of what may afterwards befall.
 'Twas otherwise with *Gholmelan*, who was
 A man well form'd, and many did surpass

In strength, and health, and feature ; yet he thought
Himself to bring his native good to nought,
For lest his Raven-locks should soon grow white,
With unctuous gums he smear'd them every night,
And with dry powders vex't them so by day,
That the whole bush was quickly fleec'd away,
And shew'd a skull like Time's upon a wall,
Save that it had no fore-top left at all.
But hair and horns grow fast ; and so his head
After a while was roughly furnished
With a new tress ; and then his onely care
Was to keep up his carcass in repair.
He quak'd at thought of sickness ; if a Corn
But pain'd his foot, he was a man forlorn,
Quite out of tune and temper, felt (no doubt)
A grievous symptome of a woful Gour,
And must have either noxious humours thrust
By physick forth, or forthwith dye he must.
If at a Jovial crash he chanc'd to take
Deep draughts, that did at night in's bowels make
Unruly tumults, all his house must be
Disturb'd about his mad-brain'd madady,
And Doctors fetcht, whose sober skill might lay
Hold on his life, that else would slip away.
Thus did he fool himself with physick, thus
Ere long as blasted and cadaverous
Lookt his whole visage, thus to ruine went
His beauty, thus his sinews were unbent,
His eyes beclouded, tainted with his breath,
And lastly, thus he dy'd for fear of death ;
All his fat fortunes being purg'd away
'Mongst fatal Vultures, gaping still for prey,
After hard labours men are well content
Softly to rest, and after banishment
Fix joyful eyes upon their native seat :
Yet the same men (their folly is so great)

After a world of trouble, pain and strife,
 Hatred to Nature, are in love with life,
 And would not that the friendly hand of fate
 Should plant them in a free and quiet State.
 Of Natures bounty do they gladly taste,
 With her in childhood seem to break their fast,
 At full-grown manly age with her to dine,
 And t' sup with her when strength doth now decline;
 Yet grudge that Death the Servitour should play,
 And take, as with a Voider, all away.
 Why should men fear so what they nere did try,
 And frame such bugs themselves to terrifie?
 Some dead men have been fetcht to life again,
 But which of them did ever yet complain
 O' th' pains they suffer'd when their vital fire
 Did twinkle out, their languid heat expire?
 The wiser sort by meditation make
 Stern Death familiar, and the boldness take
 To handle (as it were) his dart and spade;
 Hence are they not of his sharp looks afraid,
 But entertain him as a friendly guest,
 That comes to fetch them to the fields of rest.

SATYRE XVII.

Against Detraction.

NOR I, nor any that do Satyres write,
 Please *Glossamare*, who with invenom'd spight
 Shoots at us, looking (as the *Parthians* use)
 Another way. He sayes, we much abuse
 Our pens and pains, and are too partial
 To blemish others with besprinkled gall,

And

And t' clear our selves, who oft more faulty are
 Then those whose credits we so much impair.
 ' Hear, Slanderer, our answer : if you know
 ' That in such crofs and crooked wayes we go
 ' As you are lost in, then free leave have you
 ' To shake your Scourge, and jerk us smartly too;
 ' Meanwhile (like Furies) shall we strive to fright
 ' You from your faults, and make our Satyres bite,
 ' And worry you for all your lewd and vile
 ' Aspersions, that our fames do still defile.
 ' Had you snarl'd so when *Juvenal* did write,
 ' *Flaccus*, or *Persius*, sure they would have quite
 ' Shatter'd you with investives, tore your name
 ' To rags, damp't out the sparkles of your fame,
 ' Caus'd your foul slanders to reflect upon
 ' Your brazen brow, to dash some shame thereon,
 ' And make you hasten to a sword or knife,
 ' To cut therewith your fretted thread of life.
 Those that (like *Æsop's* Frog) with envy swell
 At others that the common crew excel,
 And noted are for wit, wealth, dignity,
 Or great mens favour, break (ill-favour'dly)
 Int' spiteful language, thinking to abase
 Their worth by flinging at them foul disgrace,
 And raising dust (as 'twere) to dim mens sight,
 Lest of such objects they should judge aright.
 Let no man think t' escape the brandisht tongue
 Of calumny, sith he that primely sung
 The fate of *Ilium*, the old *Mæonian* Bard;
 And th' other, aptly unto him compar'd,
 Brave *Virgil*, high in style, and deep in sense;
 Grave *Plato* too, that wing'd his eloquence
 With heavenly phancies; and the *Stagirite*,
 That sent through Natures orb so clear a light,
 Were all too sharply censur'd, all besprent
 With gall, and weight of malice under-went.

Yea, he that sometime like a Sunny ray
 Was sent from Heaven our fatal debt to pay,
 To whose clear vertues treasures were impure
 And worthless, and the Lightning-flash obscure ;
 He that cur'd all our maladies, procur'd
 All blessings for us, all our pains endur'd,
 Was rankt with wretched sinners neretheless,
 Charg'd home with Devilish arts, and deep excess,
 And many other ills, well known to be
 Their in-mates that belcht out such blasphemy.
 The baneful Serpent that t' our mother Eve
 Gave th' apple, did thereon such poison leave,
 As fills all humane kind with canker'd spighr,
 And makes them vent the same with much delight.

Where can we find a knot of company
 So fast and friendly, as will not let fly
 Their tongues to hateful contumelious talk,
 Nor let them through more lives and manners walk
 Then ere *Ulysses* saw ? A meer surmise
 (Though nere so false) will give their calumnies
 Sufficient colour; any slight pretence
 Seems ground enough for black maledicence.

' Observe you not, said *Wolfgang*, th' other day,
 ' How our great Rabbi does on's cushion lay
 ' A written book, and ever squints at it,
 ' When he is damning us to th' Strygian pit
 ' For less faults then his own ? I boldly say
 ' That he that cannot preach, nor scarcely pray
 ' Without his papers, is more fit to troul
 ' Ballads, then deal in business of the soul :
 ' His Doctorship's a Dullard, past all cure
 ' Of sharp reproof ; he is a Preacher sure
 ' As wooden as his Pulpit, and his brains
 ' As barren as the sand his glass contains.
 ' If Universities bring up such fools,
 ' May War and Sacriledge bring down their Schools.

And

' And what's his pure Disciple, *Theophil*,
 ' That melts at Sermons as he would distil
 ' His matt'ry brain through th'limbeck of his nose,
 ' And on the poor such largesses bestowes ?
 ' He's a rank Hypocrite, a rotten post
 ' All varnisht ore, a painted tomb that cost
 ' Much idle artship, a gay thing of naught,
 ' A shining glas with poison inly fraught,
 ' That soon will break'r : For sure he cannot hold
 ' Long, though his coffers were all cram'd with gold ;
 ' His large expence and idleness beside
 ' Will shortly work his fall, and bring the pride
 ' Of his nice wife acquainted with her birth,
 ' To take more knowledg of her mother earth.
 ' The woman is well skill'd in making shoves,
 ' And in an homely out-side garb she goes,
 ' Talks much of Heav'n, professing sanctity
 ' More then would furnish a whole Nunnery :
 ' But O she bears a Luciferian mind,
 ' Apt in each company to raise the wind
 ' Of her own praise ; nor surely is she free
 ' From the worst kind of womans levity :
 ' For a young Gallant privately ('tis said)
 ' Frequents her house ; and if her husbands head
 ' Be not horn-heavy (like *Altaons*) now,
 ' It is because he hath a brazen brow,
 ' An hardned front that will not bud, but shoves
 ' Like to a beaten way where nothing grows.
 Thus was this foul Defamer pleas'd to vent
 Heart-swellling rancour 'gainst the innocent,
 And by his biting (wickedly) behind
 Gave others notice of his curriish kind.
 Mastiffs and Lions openly do make
 Their valour known, as if they scorn'd to take
 Advantages ; but fainter beasts will steal
 Closely to mischief, secretly assail ;

So generous spirits fairly face to face
 Will question those that offer them disgrace,
 Or wrong them otherwise; but baser Hinds
 In terms of obloquy discharge their minds,
 And fall like hail-storms on the backs of those
 Whose presence awes them, and suspends their blowes.
 The tongue (persu'd with much humidity)
 A member is so quick and slippery,
 And so much black corruptive malice rests
 In the dark lurking-holes of humane breasts,
 That as some rabid beasts will here and there
 Be snatching, so some men will not forbear
 To lay reprochful mouths in every place
 On worthier persons, seeking to disgrace
 Those sometimes whom they never saw, nor know
 Whether their just esteem be high or low.
 When toyish Fortune at our English Court
 Made with great Gallants not a little sport,
 O what an heavy fate has oft been known
 To fall on those that have int' favour grown
 With gracious Princes! when their glories Sun
 Has by the mists of every one begun
 To be obscur'd, then forthwith (as they say
 That the night-wandering wolves of Syria
 Bark at the Moon) the mad-brain'd multitude
 With a calumnious cry the men pursu'd,
 Nor calm'd their fury till they saw them down
 Quite under foot, that were so near the Crown.
 Great and irreparable is the wrong
 That's done to men by an invenom'd tongue:
 Not all the herbs *Medea* pickt and chose,
 Can cure the wounds thereof: its secret blowes
 Are oft heard farther then the loudest cracks
 Of thunder, or th' Egyptian Cataracts.
 A good report spreads slowly, quickly growes
 Cold in the mouth, and doth its vigour lose:

But

But an ill rumour seems to ride upon
The plumes of *Boreas*, suddenly is gone
Past a recal, and keeps its aery form
In the despite o' th' most impetuous storm.
Nois'd through the world are the few blemishes
Of *Alexander*, pride, wrath, drunkenness,
That sometime mov'd him with rude Steel to try
Where his dear foster-brothers heart did lye :
But of his Princely parts and vertues who
Relation makes ? what eulogies do show
How pearls of pity for the wretched case
Of foil'd *Darius*, trickled down his face ?
How nobly he his wailing Queen did treat,
Who (though her beauty was no common bait)
Would not dishonour her himself, nor see
Others prophane her shrine of chastity ?
So our third *Richards* cruelty and great
Ambition, reeking both with bloud and sweat,
Are matters frequent in our mouths : but who
Tells what endowments Nature did bestow
Upon this Potentate, to make thereby
A fair amends for his deformity ?
Who mentions his sagacity ? or hears
Of his great heart, that knew no common fears ?
Or of his deep unfathom'd policy,
That did complete such rules of equity,
Such salutary Laws, as will be (while
Fixt is this Centre) famous in this Ile.
Some that affect a quick facetious vein
Of speaking, and their hearers entertain
With jesting upon others, by and by
Pass the just bounds of fair urbanity :
And as we see when nimble Squirrels play
With nuts, and turn them this and th' other way,
They lastly crack them : so when these have made
Some sport with others errors, they invade

Their

Their credits at the last, and make thereby
 An ill compound of mirth and injury.
 Those that delight to turn the point of wit
 On others thus, and care not where they hit,
 Nor yet regard whose fame they violate,
 Are oft repaid with this vindictive fate,
 That whilst they make some men ridiculous,
 Themselves become to all men odious.
 Good fame is dear and tender as our eyes,
 And none can brook another should de-prize
 His estimate, much less should at him cast
 Disgraceful language, and his credit blast.
 Though of the clearness of their judgments eye
 Few men can boast, yet too too forwardly
 We censure others skill, and books peruse
 Errors to find, and Authors to abuse.
 What Author is more grave or exquisite
 Than *Pliny*, that so punctually doth write
 Of Natures works, and took such pains to be
 Well learned in her copious History?
 Yet some that measure others qualities
 By their own habits, with mistakes and lyes
 Are bold to charge him, as if purposely
 He gull'd the world with specious vanity,
 And more directly at a shadowy fame
 Did look, then at substantial truth did aim.
 The like did to our *Mandevile* befall,
 Who having measur'd of this earthly ball
 A greater part then any of his time,
 When he re-visited his native Clime,
 Publisht his travels, that his Countrey so
 Might what with pain he found, with pleasure know.
 Now what was the success? his Readers threw
 Contempt upon his news, more strange then true
 Thought his reports, accounting them such toys
 And figments as phantastiques oft devise.

Yet afterwards when travellers did make
Further discov'ries, and surveyes did take
Of this main Globe, they found his wonders true
I' th' greater part, and gave him praises due
To his high merits, making him thereby
A just amends for wrongful obloquy.
What shall I say of those that dare defame
The dead, corrupt the odours of their name,
Disturb their quiet dust, and (as it were)
Fight with their shades? This surely doth appear
Of secret striking the most deadly way,
And makes men not unlike to beasts of prey,
Which, that they may be ready still to tear
The bodies of the slain, pursue the Rear
Of warlike Armies. Yet as *Sylla's* lewd
And brutish rage on weeping *Anio* strew'd
Th' ashes of *Marinus*: so some men there are
So wildly impious, that they little care
How much they violate the dead with base
Effects of malice, studying their disgrace.
This seems to make the sad sepulchral stone
Lye heavier upon those that hence are gone,
And seeds of Hemlock (as it were) doth sow,
Where else the Rose and Violet might grow.
When men are under Deaths arrest, and have
Made down-right payment in the humble grave
Of their last debt; to wrong them, needs must be
A rude extreme of harsh impiety,
An horrid wickedness, enough to make
(Without imprison'd wind) the earth to quake.

SATYRE XVIII.

Against Injustice.

I Have been still so blest (I thank my Stars)
 As not to raise nor foment any jars,
 But rather patiently would put up wrong,
 Then hire the service of a clam'rous tongue
 To plead my right, I see in suit prevails
 None but the rich, gold ever turns the Scales,
 And (as an *Atlas* to our motions) here
 Carries all causes, all the sway doth bear,
 Upholds all factions, sets awork all hands,
 And leads all hearts as in triumphal bands.
 As *Sabine* Souldiers on *Tarpeia* cast
 Their bracelets and their bucklers, till at last
 Under their deadly weight her life was spent :
 So greater persons fatally torment
 Fair justice under wealths oppressive load,
 Upon such mischief-workers worst bestow'd.
 It is a just complaint that long ago
 Justice forsook these regions here below
 Replete with wickedness, and to the skies
 Went, where she might mans insolence despise ;
 Yet some resemblance of old equity
 She left ; and that the same's so wretchedly
 With bloud disfigur'd, is the too well known
 Cause of our present grief and endless mone.
 Thou that art wrong'd, and any thing dost lose
 (Except thy wits) be wise, and rather choose
 To sit down with thy loss, then go to law ;
 Whence on thy self thou shalt be sure to draw
 Fresh injuries, nor ever have redress,
 Unless thy purse in Angels languages

Do speak thy grievance, or great friends thou find,
That in our wars to th' winning side inclin'd.
Though thou beest nere so honest, and the sky
No clearer then thy hearts integrity ;
And though the wrongs for which thou dost implead
Another, in the Laws full view be laid ;
Yet if withal thou under Hatches be,
And (being tost in straits of poverty)
Canst to no harbour of great friendship get,
Thou'lt fare no better then an over-set
Ship in a storm, thy labour, and thy cost,
And hope of recompence, will all be lost.
Many that might law-quarrels well decide,
Are like to hungry Kites that far and wide
Seek for a prey, and build their nests on high
With meer acquists of their rapacity.
If thou beest troubled with a plethory
Of a full fortune (as we daily see
That vices and vexations wait upon
Wealth,) be some Lawyer thy Physician,
And thou wilt find he soon will macerate
The corpulency of thy great estate,
Attenuate its bulk, contract its size,
Pare to the quick its proud excrescencies,
And when thy golden plumes are pluckt in law,
Be one to laugh at thee like *Aesop's* Daw.
What brought *Gavinio* to an ebb so low
In his estate, but that he still let flow
His wealth among the petrifogging sort,
That which long bills of charges did cut short
His large intrado ? who was high (they say)
In Fortunes favour, as most apt to play
The fool, in turning still the point of law
On men almost for th'wagging of a straw.
At least three hundred Crowns he once let fly
After a Goose, that was too waggishly

Took from his Coop, his choler so to move,
 Who as his life did wrangling ever love,
 But could from such a suit expect small gains,
 To compensate his charges and his pains.
 Some wits derided him, and said that Fowl
 Might well be one that sav'd the Capitol,
 And if the man to wars did ever goe,
 Would in his helmet make a goodly show,
 And when the bustling winds their strength did try,
 Would seem to hiss, and threat his enemy.
 My task were endless, should I undertake
 To tell what small account the most did make
 Of noble justice in the stormy dayes
 Of our late war, when many men did raise
 Themselves by rapine, and from poor and low
 Estates to wealth and eminence did grow.
 One such a strangely metamorphos'd man
 Is that imperious varlet, *Putean*,
 Who till wild discord tost her sparkling brands,
 And fir'd our hearts, bestirr'd his brawny hands,
 Digg'd in a quarry for his daily bread,
 And hardly was with fruits of labour fed,
 All tatter'd like a shaggy Satyre went,
 Was despicably low and indigent;
 But when loud drums and trumpets did awake
 Our drowzy spirits, he resolv'd to take
 Another course, new fortunes would assay,
 In the next Army took a Souldiers pay,
 Nothing at all regarded wrong nor right,
 Nor yet for conquest, but for coin, did fight.
 Fight did I say? nay, rather *Mercury*
 Then *Mars* he serv'd, of fraud and theevery
 Upheld the trades, rang'd all about for prey,
 Plunder'd in towns, and robb'd upon the way;
 Hence rak'd he up much wealth in little time,
 To high preferment wickedly did climb;

And

And in a fair house, whence he did expell
His fathers Landlord, does the Pagan dwell,
But as we see a little ball of snow
To a great Globe by volutation grow,
Then quickly to dissolve: so may we say
That such mens heap'd-up riches will decay
In a small tract of time, and that they shall
Sink in the gulph of sudden Funeral.
Those vast *Sicilian* monsters, *Polypeme*
And others, whom old Poets made their theme,
What were they but great Robbers, that did spoil
All those they met with in their fruitful Ile?
But as the vengeful hand of Heaven ere long
Repaid them for their violence and wrong:
So will all those that are unjustly bent,
Be taught their duty by just punishment.
For very pensiveness my heart doth ake,
And all my bowels with sad harrouer quake,
To thinke how frequently with fatal blowes
Our Martialists ore-turn'd their fellowes (those
Of the same side I mean,) when secret spite
Or sudden passion made them bold to smite:
Yet some were scarcely question'd, very few
Felt deadly punishment for murder due;
Justice was seldome set awork among
Rude blades, the hasty instruments of wrong.
Methinks some Comet in the troubled air
Should now appear with bloody streaming hair
Like to a fiery Scourge, t' upbraid thereby
Our horrid murders and harsh cruelty,
And threat with sharper punishments to smite
Such Monsters as in mischief most delight.
O for stout *Theseus*, or strong *Hercules*!
That would adventure (for immortal praise)
To pave our Cities with the heads of those
That both by fraud and force all right oppose.

With juggling hands their gainful games do play,
 O' th' very house of prayer make a prey;
 Both Church and Academies dare despoil,
 And on their ruines raise a lofty pile
 Of wealth and dignity. The sons of great
Phæbus have small encouragement to bear
 Their brains in studies, or to change their looks
 T' a pale and wan complexion like their books,
 When almost all rewards (except the Bay,
 T' adorn their brows withal) are forc'd away,
 And as much honour to *Gads* hill is done
 As to *Parnassus* or fair *Helicon*.
 When justice does pretend to th' greatest sway,
 She yet acts little in the nobler way
 Of compensation: Sometime she's severe,
 When men that shew more guilt then gold, appear
 Before her; or her busie servants wait
 Till some great person forfeits his estate,
 She readily will punish such; but when
 Does she propose rewards for worthier men?
 With what rich guerdons does she gratifie
 Brave souls, that for their Countreys liberty
 Have serv'd stern *Mars*, or happily have hit
 On some rare means of publique benefit?
 What had the Chymist for his guns? or he
 That blest the Muses with Typography?
 He that devis'd the Compass? or the man
 That brought the *Spaniard* with th' *American*
 Acquainted first, and shew'd him whence he might
 Fetch gold enough to glut his appetite?
 If such desertful Patriots do obtain
 Some shadowy honour, 'tis the onely gain
 They can expect: no real fruits of dear
 Respect and gratitude are gather'd here;
 But he that does with warm affection serve
 His Countrey, may (to his cold comfort) starve.

True

True justice should begin like charity,
 At home ; then look at others equally,
 Like the worlds chearful eye : but men do quite
 Neglect their welfare in the wayes of right,
 Do to themselves a world of injury,
 And seem to bear a kind of enmity
 To their own lives. Do they not let them slide
 At all adventures without Helm or Guide,
 And range as wildly as the Steeds of great
Phæbus, when *Phaeton* had lost his seat ?
 Do they not make this life a term or space
 To follow trifles in, a fruitless race
 Of idle courses ? do they not let fly
 Their precious hours almost insensibly ?
 And may they not more properly be said
 T' have lively motions, then a life to lead,
 When rude distempers toss them, and the sway
 Of humorous passions rapt them every way ?
 They taste not lifes dear sweetness, till with fate
 They ready be to meet ; and then (too late)
 Weep they their loss, and dye in their conceit,
 Ere sickly Nature sound her sad retreat
 Into the grave. To my late grief and pain
 I heard an aged Prodigal complain
 In these sad words. ' Ah ! wo is me (said he)
 ' Is this the fruit of all my jollity,
 ' To lye and languish on a restless bed,
 ' Whereto the knosy Gout hath fettered
 ' My strengthless limbs ? how have I gull'd & wrong'd
 ' My self and those that to my charge belong'd !
 ' How have I blasted all my flowery prime
 ' With heats of lust, and lavisht out my time !
 ' How have I been as in a silken chain
 ' Of pleasure lod, that hath procur'd my pain !
 ' How, when I graspt at honours, have I caught
 ' Clouds like *Ixion*, vanishing to nought !

'O that *Medea's* art, that once retriv'd
 'Old *Aesons* youthful dayes, were now reviv'd,
 'And back again mine ages wheel would drive
 'Upto its vernal point ! I then would strive
 'My life to manage as a thing of weight,
 'Frame all mine actions regular and straight,
 'Not live tumultuously (as here and there
 'Wild beasts do range,) but by discretion steer
 'An even course, my passions keep in awe,
 'And give mine appetite so strict a law,
 'That like *Cornarus the Venetian*, I
 'Would feed by weight, and serve necessity ;
 'I, like *Ulysses* fastned to his Mast,
 'Would pass by *Sirens*, and be ever chaste ;
 'Vertue should be my Mistress, and I would
 'Value her beauties above mounts of gold.
 'But ah ! my words are weak, my wishes vain ;
 'Nothing's of force with me save grief and pain.
 These complaints did move my pity ; and thought I,
 If men will wrong themselves so wretchedly,
 What wonder is it that they prove unjust
 To others, and so oft betray their trust ?
 They break their faith, the band of amity,
 As *Samson* did his cords ; yea, oft we see
 Great Princes (to th' dishonour of their State)
 Most solemn Leagues to slight and violate,
 And where they did fair amity profess,
 Fall foul with vile perfidious practises,
 Causing the *Carthaginians* not to be
 Condemn'd alone for impious treachery.
 Then comes that bloudy-mouthed Monster, War,
 And threatening mischiefs like a blazing star,
 Hasts to inflict the same, and wretched makes
 Whole nations for their wicked Rulers sakes.
 These haply may secure themselves indeed,
 But sure enough their Subjects are to bleed

'Mongst sharp contentions, sure enough to lye
(Like drown'd Egyptians) in deep misery.

SATYRE XIX.

Against Cruelty.

AN error 'tis as common as to cheat,
Or lye, to take rude fierceness for a great
Effect of fortitude, and those to be
Most valiant that are flesh't in cruelty,
And bloody-minded; whereas nothing can
More ill-beseem th' harmonious frame of man
Then harsh ungentleness, and nothing brings
More fate and foul dishonour upon Kings
Then wicked tyranny, when upon slight
Pretences they strike out the vital light
Of their true Subjects, or do otherwise
Afflict them with more spoilful injuries,
Breaking their fortunes, as the slender bands
Of law they violate with armed hands.
What good man does not loth the memory
Of that prodigious Duke of *Moscovie*,
Basilides? who sometimes loose would let
Fierce hungry Bears amongst his Subjects meet
In thick assemblies, and delight to see
Their limbs all torn with horrid cruelty,
Saying, they might be glad in such a sort
To suffer, sith they made their Sovereign sport.
Almost as merciless those Princes are,
Who to the very quick their Subjects pare
With too sharp penalties and taxes, so
Exhausting them, and keeping them so low

Under oppressions, that they scarce can raise
 Their hearts, but sink in sorrow all their dayes.
 That formidable tyrant of the East
 Deals worse with his Bashawes, whom (when increast
 Their treasures are to a full-heaped mass)
 He charges with feign'd crimes, but yet doth pass
 Sentence in earnest, and so takes away
 Both life and riches, as a double prey.
 Yet now and then (as when on dirt we tread,
 It spirits up sometimes from the foot to th' head)
 From under heaviest wrongs the Vulgar rise
 In tumults and seditious mutinies,
 Threatning the ruling Pow'rs, that from on high
 Fling on their necks the yokes of slavery,
 And whilst mens lives and states they dissipate
 At pleasure, drive them to be desperate.
 Then, as when dashing billowes break their mounds,
 Neptune runs wildly ore the fruitful grounds,
 Levels proud buildings in his watery way,
 Makes men and beasts his scaly Monsters prey,
 And hideous mischief works: so when the rude
 False-hearted and mad-headed multitude
 Gets strength and liberty, the Countrey wades
 In blood let out by deadly-wounding blades,
 Justice packs thence with over-turned scales,
 The spirit of the world, Religion, fails,
 Wrong, rapine, cruelty with hasty feet
 Their inroads make, and in confusion meet.
 Once in *Palermo* through a mis-conceit
 Taken against a Jew, in furious heat
 The people rose, and did not onely hale
 And beat and burn the wretch, but did assail
 All of his Nation, pillag'd, wounded, slew
 Them, and their bodies (some yet panting) threw
 To greedy flames, pluckt from the refuges
 Of Saints and Altars old men (succourless)

Children

Children and maids, forthwith ingulphing all
In one confus'd and ruthless Funeral :
So wildly fierce and hard to be appeas'd
Are tameſt fools, when in commotion rais'd.
'Tis ſomewhat ſtrange that men appear to be
By nature bent to rigid cruelty ;
Yet ſo they ſeem, elſe would they not delight
So much to ſee rude beaſts to rug and fight,
And take more pleaſure in th' antipathy
Of ſuch, then in all loves compliancy.
Old *Rome* ſaw this, and often would beſtow
Great coſt in making many a ſavage ſhow,
The ruder ſort to pleaſe ; who onely took
Delight at firſt on fighting beaſts to look ;
But afterwards (as if they had by th' eye
Drunk in full draughts of bloody cruelty)
They thought it braver ſport upon the ſtage
To ſee ſword-players fiercely to engage
Themſelves in fight, and ſeldome off to goe
Till Death ſtept in, and gave a parting blow.
Auguſtus, though leſs ſtark for tyranny
Then many of his high-flown family,
Did yet command that onely loſs of life
Should be the up-ſtroke of the tragick ſtrife,
And one or both that made the people ſport,
Should fall in earneſt, dye in woful ſort.
O men of ſtony bowels, ſteely breſts !
Ruthleſs Spectators, brutiſher then beaſts !
Traitors to Nature ! that with ſmiling eyes
Could view thoſe dire prodigious cruelties ;
And if a Caitiff ſlave, all hew'd and hackt,
Did (when his ſpirits fail'd, and heart-ſtrings crackt)
Beg a diſcharge, that he might longer live,
Would not to th' woful wretch that favour give,
But urge on miſchief, whiſt his wounds gap'd wide
For pitey, weeping ſtreams of bloud beſide,

Till all the sand that on the Stage did lye,
 Wore the deep crimson dye of cruelty.
 Men make their eyes the in-lets of offence;
 And he that frequently his oprick sense
 Feeds on fell objects, cannot but thereby
 Surfet into hard-hearted cruelty,
 Cannot but grow obdurate by degrees,
 And lose all sense of others miseries.
 The *Spaniards*, when they planted first in rich
Peru and other Coasts, that did bewitch
 Their eyes with shining treasures, were not so
 Like savage Wolves as they did after grow,
 When they had often sluiced out the blood
 Of the poor Natives, that in vain withstood
 The sweeping stream of avarice; for then
 They us'd them more like noisome beasts than men,
 Shot, stabb'd, brain'd thousands, others forc'd by flight
 To seek wild thickets, taking much delight
 To tire them with pursuit, to make them preys
 To hungry Mastiffs, to bestrew the wayes
 With their torn limbs, and sometimes ore the heads
 Of multitudes to fire the leavy Sheds.
 Thus they that boast that th' all-surveying Suns
 Light ever shines on some Dominions
 Of their great Kings, and got so clear a fame
 By brave Sea-travels, did obscure and shame
 Themselves by cruelties, so strangely wild
 And fierce, as all humanity exil'd.
 There's no such cruelty as that of wars;
 And he that of those harsh tumultuous jars
 Opens the bloody sluice to let in fate,
 The curse of Heaven and all good peoples hate
 Justly incurs. Can earth afford a sight
 More horrid, then to view in eager sight
 Armies engag'd? When Cannons thundring loud
 Swords flash out lightning in a stifling cloud

Of smoke and dust, enraged Horses neigh;
Men grone and gush out bloud; here quivering lye
Bemangled limbs, there heads are bowl'd along
By their falls force, here trunked bodies flung
And trampled on, there trailed guts are made
Their gyves and chains that would not else be stay'd
From acts of mischief, and thus every where
In baleful dress stern horror doth appear.
But then the devastations of all sorts
In times of war, demolishing of Forts,
Razing of Castles, burning of whole Towns;
Wasteful incursions into fruitful grounds,
Rapines, taxations, turning out o' th' door
Whole families; these, and a thousand more
Such wicked mischiefs, heap up a degree
Of high and most abhorred cruelty.
Are not those Princes highly then to blame,
Who (whilst at prouder eminence they aim,
Or else stoop down to sordid avarice,
Envy or Lust, or some such wretched vice)
VVhole Nations do embroill, whole Kingdomes shake
VVith the tempestuous tumults which they make,
Little regarding what their fury spends
Of bloud or treasure, so they gain their ends?
A letters interception, an address
T' a forreign Prince on private business,
A jest, a prying int' affairs of State,
Hath sometimes prov'd an instrument of fate
To raise prodigious mischiefs that have shed
Much bloud, and mighty Kingdomes ruined.
Some such occasions (as 'tis said) did stir
Up that grim Lion, the stout Swethlander,
To pass int' Germany, and range for prey
Beyond the bounds of vast Hercynia,
Leaving a tract of bloud, a print of woe,
Such as that wretched Nation long will show,

Though to wash off so terrible a stain,
 The *Baltick* waters were all spent in rain.
 The worlds malignity in this appears
 More, that whereas in some late bleeding years
 Men of high fortunes were by th' armed rout
 Pull'd from their petches, now they go about
 (Mad with revengeful thoughts) to do some right
 Unto themselves by their undoing quite
 Of their weak vassals; just as some that are
 Inflam'd with choler, do but little care
 Whom they assault, so that thereby they vent
 That angry heat that doth their hearts torment.
 Poor wretched starvelings that as thinly look
 As half-pin'd pri'sners, men whom wars have shook
 Almost to rags, and brought as low as dust,
 Must in their rents be onely rais'd, and must
 (As they have worn their flesh away) their blood
 In some sort lose, I mean all livelihood:
 When new with careful beads, and painful hands
 They cannot answer to the hard demands
 Of pittiless oppressors, straight they must
 (As noisome creatures) from their homes be thrust,
 But first be strip almost as bare as those
 That Worms or Haddocks feed, their goods must lose.
 Of ruin'd families the doleful moans,
 That well might soften the *Ceraunian* stones,
 No more regarded are then childrens cries,
 That were to *Moloch* burnt in sacrifice.
 Mine eyes have been the weeping witnesses
 Of a great Landlords greater wickedness,
 That did depopulate a town, and sent
 Poor people int' a kind of banishment,
 That in their stead he might some gamesome Deer
 Empark, and make more room for pleasure there.
 If this oppressor that set light by sin,
 Had as *Asiaron* metamorphos'd bin

Into an Harp, and by his own bounds rent
In pieces, just had been his punishment,
And much more mirth had from his branched pate
Been rais'd, then sorrow from his bloody fate.
All things by Nature equally are free,
And nothing private; but if industry,
Conquest, or better hap, hath men endow'd
With riches, must they needs grow fierce and proud,
And rush down all (like torrents) in their way?
This is to bear a rude impetuous sway
As beasts do in the woods, where force prevails,
And still the strong the weaker sort assails.
Those that with biggest words of manhood boast,
Most brutish are in deeds, and tainted most
With inhumanity, a vice that waits
Most frequently on gallant great estates,
When through high diet, softness, nicery,
Fastidious pride, and quainter luxury,
Men are too apt to break into a flame
Of rage, which reason knows not how to tame.
A small neglect, a hum, a nod, a wry
Look, a knit brow, or somewhat bold reply,
Might sometimes set such persons in a heat;
And then like raging *Hercules* they bear
All in their way; their servants then, their wives,
And children run to save their threaten'd lives,
And scape the storm that blusters here and there,
And fiercely flashing shews what claps are near.
Surely that Barber had forgot to say
His prayers right, who trimming th' other day
A roaring Knight, and being busie about
Washing his bristled chin and burnisht snout,
(Whereon the water made a shining show
Like dew upon a Rose, and dropt off so
When it was shaken) could not well forbear
Laughter, but sily did begin to steer;

Which

VWhich th' other noting (with a face all full
 Of suds, and signs of fury) forth did pull
 His deadly weapon, quickly put to flight
 The snapping youth, and then began to fight
 VWith's brushes, balons, glasses; rudely made
 Such spoil, that the poor Shaver was afraid
 To look into his shop again, and see
 The wild effects of barb'rous tyranny.
 VWhen men stop not th' eruptions of their ire,
 But give free way to passionate desire,
 And with its hasty torrent run along,
 They thus themselves befool, and others wrong.
 If all that are enrag'd to cruelty
 As was *Dedalion*, were transform'd (as he)
 To ravenous Hawks, the Harpyes could not to
Arcadian Phineus more annoiance do,
 Then birds of prey would pester us: poor Doves
 (Th' Emblemes of innocence and gentle loves)
 VWould find as little rest as that which flew
 From *Noah's* Ark before the Floud withdrew.

SATYRE XX.

Against Discontentedness.

THe most versatile Planet *Mercurie*,
 Shews not in's wand'rings more deformity
 Then man does in his courses; the same men
 VWith the same minds will scarce appear agen,
 But as the force of some strange accident
 Shall form them, strangely will themselves present,
 And on this Theatre, as Chance shall sway,
 And on their humours work, their parts will play.

Few to themselves prefix a nobler end,
And to that fair mark their endeavors bend,
But live by chance as Gamesters throw their dice,
And with as many curses due to vice.
The most are most like to *Augustus*, who
So various was that none his mind could know,
VVas so volatile that no object could
Fix him, no knot the change-full *Proteus* hold.
From honest purposes so soon they part,
And from the bent of resolution start,
That some men hence (too bold to give the lye
To doctrines fetcht from sage Antiquity)
Two severall souls to every man assign;
VVhereof the one, celestial and divine,
To vertue leads him; th' other, vile and lewd,
Seeks to implunge him int' all turpitude;
And thus by turns they rule, as some did say,
That *Jove* and *Cesar* did divide their sway.
Then good and evil Angels would have left
To do: hows'ere, mens wondrous giddiness,
And strange inconstancy hereby appears,
Suddenly stopping in their hottest careers.
Shew me the man that with his present state
Sits down content, and sayes he's fortunate,
Keeping at home the strength of his desire;
And (as the times chief jewel) most admire
His worth I shall, and honour him no less.
Then if he were the *Athenian Socrates*.
But men of such composed spirits are
As birds of Paradise (in *Europe*) rare;
An age yields few of them. For either vain
Ambition, or the greedy thirst of gain,
Or the fair falshood of some other vice
Mens minds to run hew hazards doth entice,
And renders them as restless as the stone
Of *Sisyphus*, that's still in motion.

Who knew not *Dromens*, that was civilly
 Amongst us bred at th' University,
 And thence in haste to *Italy* would go,
 To see how there the *Muses Springs* did flow,
 Intending in some College there to lead
 His life, and nere on's native ground to tread;
 Yet ere the Sun had measur'd out a year,
 We found him canvassing the volumes here
 Of *Barthol* and *Justinian*, bent to ply
 The Civil Law with utmost industry,
 And try what fortunes would thereon ensue,
 What (lawful) benefit would thence accrue.
 But finding matter of more credit there
 Then profit, shortly he began to steer
 A more divine course, did his mind apply
 To the deep Doctrines of Theology,
 Launcht into *Calvin*, *Marlorat*, and some
 Such Writers, thence did to the School-men come
 And ancient Fathers, boldly then did beat
 The Pulpit, and the *Babylonians* thereat.
 But when some wry-lookt Sectaries o' th' Town
 Dar'd to oppose him, and would preach him down,
 Gelded his riches, and plaid him much foul play,
 Straight from the Hobbinols he sum'd away
 T' another Countrey, where he did profess
 That knowledg which had made *Hippocrates*
 And *Galen* famous, gave Receipts as he
 Had Doctrines dealt and Uses formerly;
 Liv'd by diseases as a wandering fire
 Is fed with fumes, did to great fame aspire
 By curing others; but will nere (I guess)
 Soberly cure his own light giddiness.
 The most men are like some faint Mariners,
 Who, cause the winds and waters (making wars)
 Turmoil their vessels, rather had their gain
 Forego, then stand to th' mercy of the main.

Their

Their troubles are like weightry *Atna* thrown
 Upon *Typhæus*, causing them to grone,
 And oft change posture, as the Poets make
 The weary Giants do, when th' earth doth quake.
 Mortals, where is the armour of your souls,
 Patience I mean? that all the force controlls
 Of adverse fortune, doth the edge rebate
 Of sharpest sorrow, triumphs over fate,
 Making men firm in what they do profess,
 And true to all well-grounded purposes;
 Perceive you not (fools that you are) that by
 Impatient fretting you the frame destroy
 Of placid thoughts, pervert the order'd state
 Of your affairs, do mainly aggravate
 Afflictive crosses that were else but light,
 And (wildly wandering in a stormy night
 Of cloudy passions) know not where to find
 Such happiness as crowns a quiet mind?
 As the years different seasons wheel about
 Alternately, so may you find (no doubt)
 A revolution in sly Fortunes wayes,
 Like that of Times: those whom she erst did raise
 To dignity, ere long will down be sent,
 And names, now base, will then be eminent.
 As then experienc'd Husbandmen, although
 They see their late-sown fields oppress'd with snow,
 And threatned with sharp storms, do not despair,
 But hope to find their labour, cost and care
 Amply requited with a weighty crop:
 So men of wisdom, though they meet a stop
 In their affairs, will least discourag'd be,
 But make their way with chearful industry.
 You that deem want the greatest cause of woe,
 Tell me why those that in rich plenty flow,
 Magnificos and Grandees, are as far
 As distance from content, as peace from war?

Why that great Princee that own'd the *Indies*, and
 Did likewise *Spain* and *Portugal* command,
 Could not fix there, but in a troubled mood
 Sent his Armado ore the raging floud
 To seise on *England* : tell me why the *Turk*
 Sets th' *Europeans* almost all on work
 To keep him back, who else with powerful hands
 Would ruine more then all th' *Iberian* Bands.
 Is't not because a great mans appetite
 Widens with wealth and pow'r, and makes him quite
 Forget all moderation, quite forgoe
 All bounds, like rivers when they overflow
 The neighb'ring grounds? There's no man here with us
 More rank in wealth then churlish *Anodus*,
 Whose Bills and Bonds lye smother'd in his chest,
 Yet are of great Use, yield much Interest ;
 His grounds are throng'd with cattel, and with grain
 His Barns ore-charg'd, ready to crack again;
 Nor wife nor child he owns that might require
 His pains, yet drudges as for daily hire ;
 Layes down a weary carcass every night,
 That dreams of theeves, and startles with affright :
 His dier's like himself, who still's his own
 Cook, in a Kitchen (like the frozen Zone)
 Both cold and comfortless ; in rags he goes,
 And shakes them with his coughing, whilst he throwes
 Infection from his Lungs, which age and ill
 Viands with purulent diseases fill.
 Thus lives he vassall'd to his wealth, and thus
 Proves no less wretched then ridiculous,
 A poor mans curse, a rich mans scorn, a meer
 Stranger to what true wisdom holds most dear,
 Sweet concentration, that (like *Hermes* wand)
 Charms querulous cares, and silence doth command.
 O Avarice, how dost thou tyrannize
 On slavish worldlings ! mak'st them early rise,

And

And ply their wretched drudgery till night,
Then plot, and cark, and toss, and wake (in spite
Of *Morpheus*;) send'th them over wrackful Seas,
Steep mountains, roughest forrests, foulest wayes,
Enur'th their limbs to stormy winters cold,
And dusty Summers heat, thus mak'th them old
In greener years, through troubles, sorrows, pains,
That plague them whilst they scratch for sordid gains.
Old frowning *Saturn*, whose voracity
Was such that he devour'd his progeny,
Should not be leaden-heel'd, so wondrous slow,
But rather nimble *Mercurie* out-goe,
If he did well and signally expresse
(As some would have him) this vile greediness
Of gath'ring wealth, that's ever every way
Trudging and toiling, never at a stay,
Can find no Centre where to rest at all,
So much its motion seems unnatural.
Some through a dull and languid sluggishness
Leave hold of what they lately did profess,
And fall on new quests, seek more pleasing wayes;
Rig up their vessels for unwonted Seas,
Wherein nor working billowes must there be;
Nor quick-sands, but a calm security.
Fain would they (who can blame them for't ?) obtain
Riches, yet would not purchase them with pain,
But (as it were) upon blind Fortune steal,
And in their earnest suit with ease prevail,
Strike into wealth as Eels do into weeds
Or mud, and prove as slippery in their deeds.
Have their light wits took wing, and flown so far,
That they see not how like a block or bar
In their preferments way dull sloth doth lye,
All good things being the fruits of industry ?
'Tis certain that by mighty Natures Laws
The whole world works, and does by motion cause

Daily and great effects ; the Spheres above
 Still turn, and so the fiery Orb do move ;
 The air's still flitting as the wind impels ;
 The Ocean too is tost, and sinks and swells ;
 Yea, th' earth it self, the dullest element,
 Still labours in her womb, and oft doth vent .
 Sad sighs and groans in her concussions : then
 Is it not most irregular that men
 Should snort in ease, and settle into mud,
 Contributing no share to humane good,
 But like vile weeds appearing, apt to spoil
 The fruits o' th' earth, and vitiate the soil ?
 That which most frequently conspires with fate
 To break mens rest, and makes them estuate,
 And pine with fretting, 'is their canker'd spight,
 Conceiv'd at some that prosper in their sight,
 And had the happiness to obtain the same,
 Friendship, or fortunes, at which these did aim.
 These whom this passion doth bestorm, in vain
 Look for calm days ; expect they rather pain
 Of inward wounds, such as with horrid scourge
 The Furies do inflict, or Fates do urge
 In their just angers height, when down they throw
 Aspiring fools, and leave them deep in woe.
 Once in the Sun-shine of a royal Court
 Did *Alpert* live, and in a gallant sort,
 Belov'd of Nobles, with his Prince in grace,
 And by him trusted in an honour'd place,
 By means whereof he might the businesses
 Of friends promote, of enemies repress ;
 As a Court-Meteor he appear'd, both bright
 And eminent : yet then, because he might
 Not as chief Favourite embosom'd be,
 He lost the fruit of such felicity,
 The sweets of honour and preferment sown'd,
 Were clouds upon his forehead, frown'd and lowr'd,
Grew

Grew big with envy and disdainful hate,
Did boldly libel and calumniate
Some that ore-topt him, in so vile a sort,
That he became the ear-wig of the Court,
With so much spiteful mischief vext the brave
Gallants, that all began to loth the Knave ;
And as when men do in their bodies know
Somewhat to lurk that may destructive grow,
They speedily take care t^e expel the same :
So 't was decreed to put to publique shame
This make-bate, by his present banishment
From that high Stage of honour ; whence he went
Like a cow'd Cock to's dunghil, where he droops,
Lets fall his crest, and to misfortune stoops.
Such miscreants consider not what small
Reason they have to spew out so much gall
'Gainst their Superiors, and with so much spite
To look upon their more-advanced height :
They least observe how full of care and pain
Those are that up to high preferment strain,
And then how servilely they must comply
With Greatness, t^e under-build their dignity,
And make it (if 't were possible) to last,
And stand in sight of Envies rudest blast.
You that speak thunder, and from Crowns of Gold
Shoot lightning, which with terror we behold,
I envy not th' elation of your state,
On which so many urgent cares do wait,
(Restless as *Seymour's* Dogs,) too sure to keep
Your hearts from solace, and your eyes from sleep.
Happy contentment is not ty'd to great
Power or wealth, but finds a frequent seat
'Mongst meaner fortunes, and more oft doth bless
Poor shaded Cells then shining Palaces.
He that from error strives t^e emancipate
His judgment, and the force doth moderate

Of wilder passions, holds fair vertue dear,
And in one form of life keeps Conscience clear;
At the low ebbs of Fortune neither chides,
Nor yet runs riot with her swelling Tides;
That man (I say) that does these manly things,
Affects but little the big pomp of Kings,
Their wealth, or potency, as having gain'd
A state that Princes rarely have attain'd:
His work is done, and well enjoy may he
The fruit of wisdom, sweet tranquillity.

T H E E N D.
